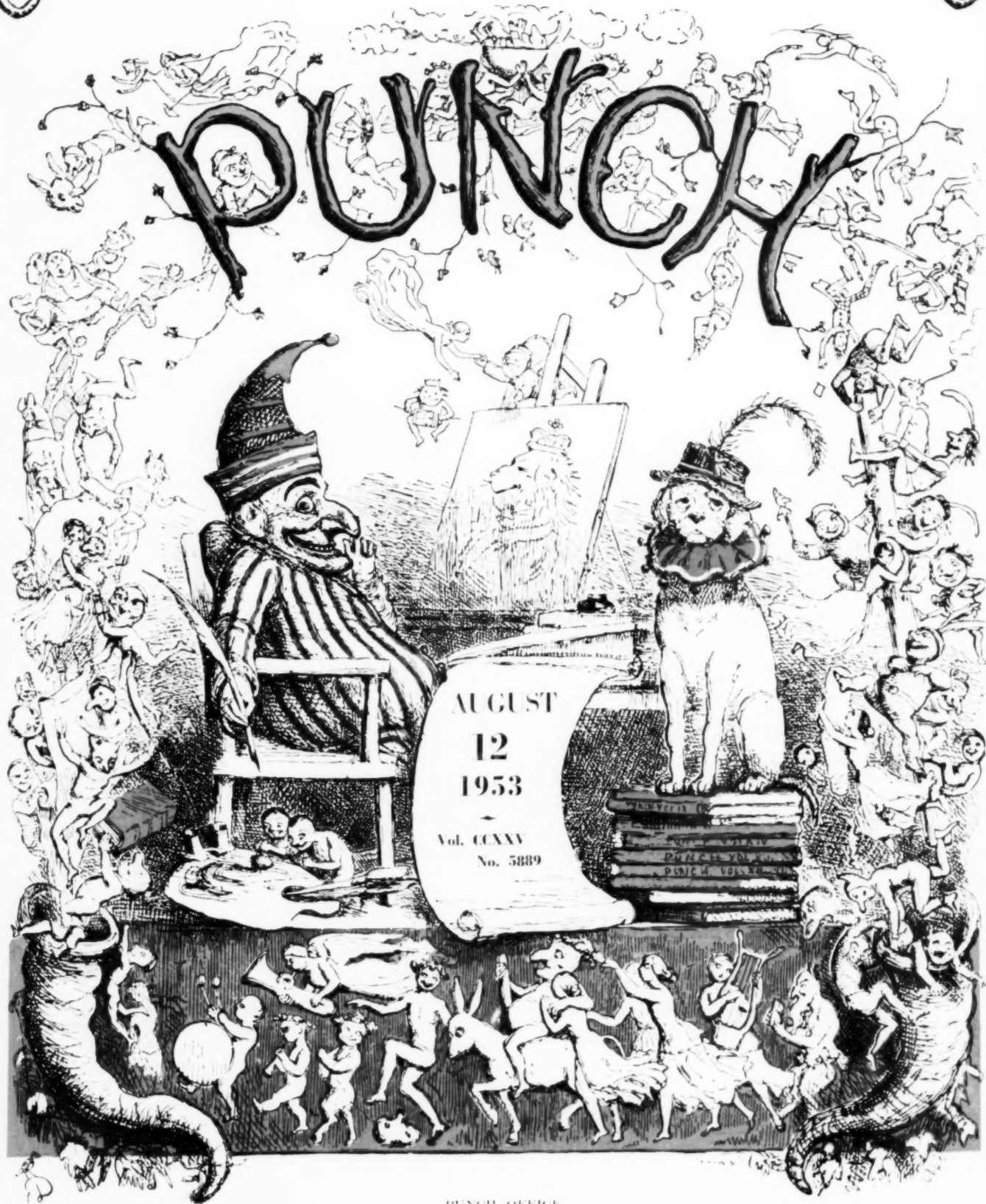


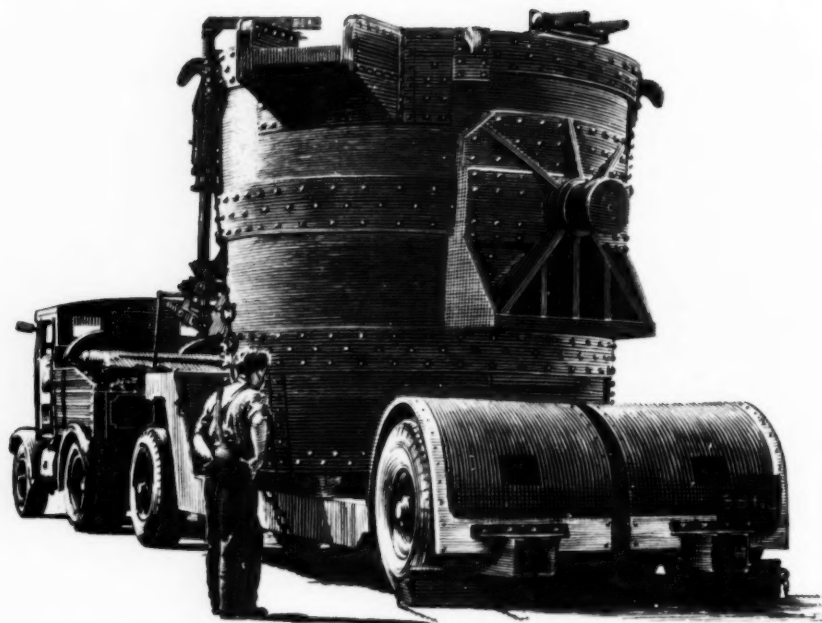
6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1953

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

It took 160 years



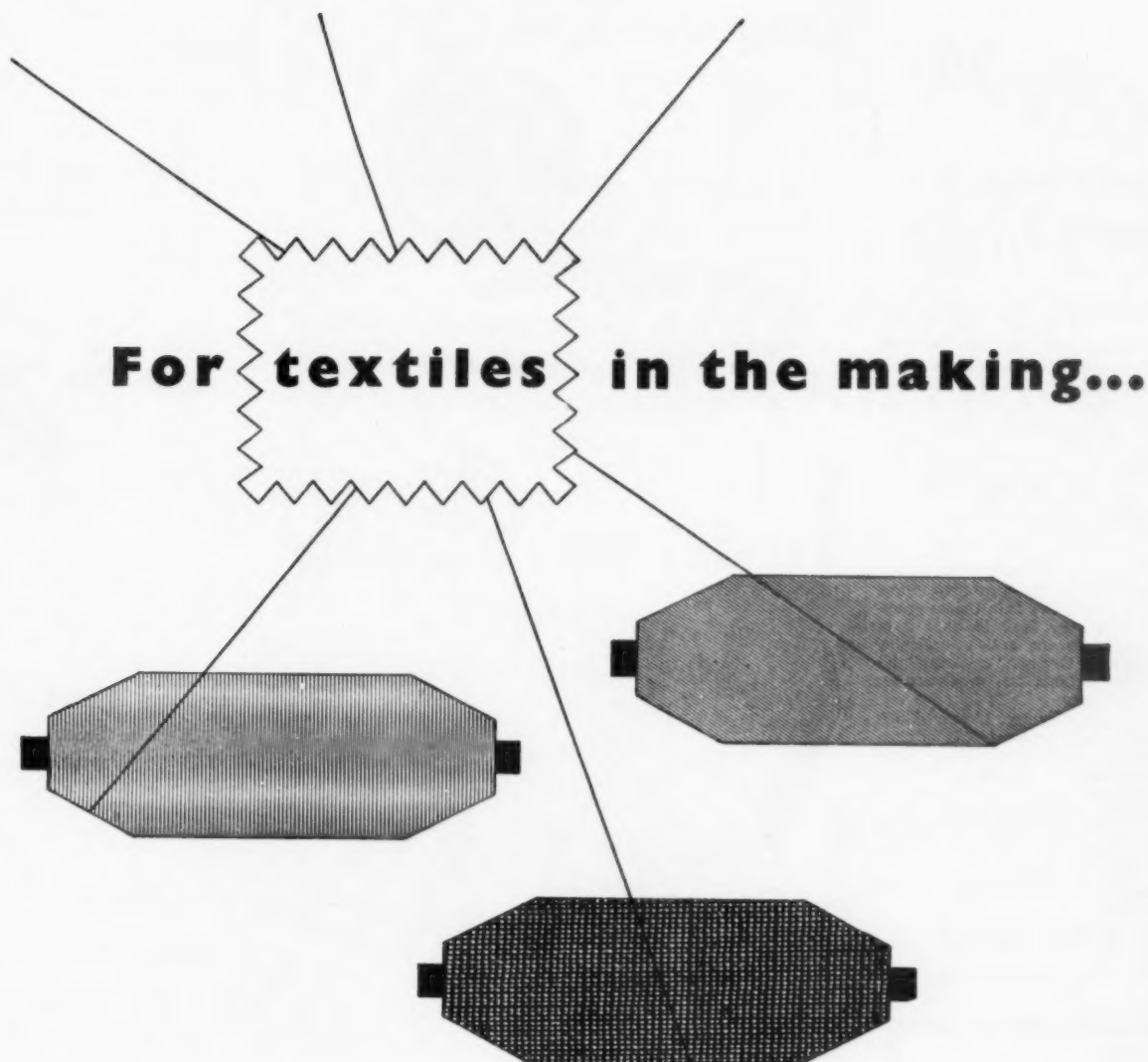
Behind the design and construction by Newton Chambers of ladles to hold 100 tons and more of molten steel lies a skill which has accumulated over 160 years. Experience has been passed down genera-

tion by generation within the stable Thorncliffe community, which accounts in large measure for the unremitting quality found in everything Newton Chambers produce.

Newton Chambers

& COMPANY LIMITED, THORNCLIFFE, SHEFFIELD

HEAVY CONSTRUCTIONAL ENGINEERING, EXCAVATORS, INDUSTRIAL AND DOMESTIC HEATING APPLIANCES, FUEL ECONOMISERS, IZAL AND OTHER CHEMICAL PRODUCTS.



The raw materials of textiles may be natural or synthetic, but whatever their source, they all undergo a long series of improving processes in transition to the finished article. Very widely used for such processing is Lensitol, a solvent scour, and Teepol, one of the range of outstanding detergents and specialised wetting agents developed by Shell. Teepol has remark-

able wetting and degreasing powers and can be used at every stage in the wet processing of all types of yarns and fabrics. The wide application of Teepol throughout the textile industry is but one example of the way Shell Chemical products—many of them largely unknown to the general public—play an important part in the production of better quality goods for all to enjoy.

Shell Chemicals



SHELL CHEMICALS LIMITED, NORMAN HOUSE, 105-109 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2
(DISTRIBUTORS)

After 25- take steps to correct dry skin

After you are 25 the natural oil of your skin does not replace itself readily. Before you are 40, your skin may lose as much as 20 per cent of its own oil.

Watch out for signs of dry skin—flaky patches, tiny lines. Then help to correct this condition. Start using Pond's Dry Skin Cream, so effective because:

1. It is rich in lanolin, very like the skin's own oil
2. It is homogenized to soak in
3. It has a softening emulsifier

KEEP YOUR SKIN YOUNG AND SUPPLE
Lanolin-soften by night. After cleansing, smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously over your face. Massage it in thoroughly, leaving a light, softening film all night. Dry skin "drinks up" this rich Cream. Lines and roughness are smoothed away.

Lanolin-protect by day. If your skin is very dry, stroke in a touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make up, and be sure of day-long, soothing protection.

If you would like a free sample of this wonderful, lanolin-rich Cream, send a postcard with your name and address in block letters to Dept. P.2, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford.

Pond's Dry Skin Cream costs 2/6 and 4/11 a jar.

DRY SKIN?

This is the answer

THE LIABILITY IS YOURS

Slippery floors are dangerous and unnecessary. All who hold positions of responsibility whether in Hospitals, Public Buildings, Offices, Hotels, etc. or in their homes should insist that a non-slip polish is used as part of their duty to society.

FURMOTO NON-SLIP FLOOR CREAM

Sole Manufacturer
Furmoto Chemical Co. Ltd., 1-3 Brixton Rd., London, S.W.9.



Speed the Scythe!

If you have not seen the ALLEN at work you will find it difficult to credit the speed and ease with which it clears grass and scrub over the most difficult country.

ALLEN

*the world's finest
Motor Scythe*

DEPT. F JOHN ALLEN & SONS (OXFORD) LTD. COWLEY OXFORD Tel. 77155/6/7



Numerous attachments make the ALLEN available for a wide range of tasks. Please write for folder.

Insist on

*Kunzle
Quality*



Art Dessert

CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

... like Kunzle Cakes—a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

The Finest Liqueur

at any time



COINTREAU

Extra Dry for England

Indispensable in—
★ Cocktails
★ Fruit Salads
★ Grape Fruit etc.

Sole Importers: W. Glendinning & Sons Ltd. Newcastle upon Tyne 6

did he say
SHRIMPS?

no, he said
Youngs Potted Shrimps



The pleasure really is all yours when you are introduced to Young's Potted Shrimps. Pink, delicious, succulent Shrimps. Caught, peeled and potted all in a day. Tasty tea sea morsels, cocktail delicacies or Hors d'oeuvre.

Youngs Potted Shrimps

The Fisheries, Cartmel, Morecambe Bay.

From high class Stores in principal towns.

Write for address of nearest stockist.

If you're the
typing type...



If you realise (and who doesn't?) how much better your letters look and read when you type them; how much quicker you can tap through your spare time work or study notes; how convenient it is to have at your finger-tips a beautiful little machine that's yours faithfully for all typing, that gives you all big-typewriter features plus portability—then

You'll want a
Remington
DE LUXE PORTABLE



- Lightweight carrying case
- Tabulator
- Personal Touch Regulator
- 2 colour ribbon and stencil adjustment

Made in Great Britain. Available from all high class dealers. Write for descriptive leaflet to: (Dept. PR 59)

REMINGTON RAND LTD
1-19 New Oxford St, London, W.C.1

£28.10
Hire
Purchase
Terms
Available



first

McGINTY COMES IN FIRST, BUT IT'S HIS TEAM THAT WINS.

A.E.I. (Associated Electrical Industries) field a team of nine upstanding British companies, with thirty factories in twenty different towns, employing sixty thousand people.

They are separate companies, these nine; but they work together. It is very much to their advantage that they should. And to yours. A.E.I. pool their knowledge and ideas; they achieve, in joint consultation, high standards of design; and they spend more than two million pounds a year on research and development.

A.E.I. have many firsts behind them — and in front of them : firsts in invention, in development, in quality.

Last year the electrical equipment that A.E.I. produced was worth over £70,000,000.

AEI first

*For everything electrical, from a turbine to a torch bulb, think of **AEI** Companies*

Meet the Family of Associated Electrical Industries:

METROPOLITAN-VICKERS ELECTRICAL CO. LTD. * THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON CO. LTD.
THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO. LTD. * FERGUSON PAILIN LTD.
THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO. LTD. * INTERNATIONAL REFRIGERATOR CO. LTD.
NEWTON VICTOR LTD. * PREMIER ELECTRIC HEATERS LTD. * SUNVIC CONTROLS LTD.

Enjoy
transatlantic
air travel
at its best!



B.O.A.C. flies you overnight to New York direct on "The Monarch" . . . to Montreal direct on "The Canadian Monarch". Nothing finer flies the Atlantic, yet you pay no extra fare.

Double-decked *Stratocruiser* spaciousness . . . complimentary meals and mealtime drinks . . . club-like lower-deck lounge. Foam-soft private berth at slight extra cost.

"Monarch" services are additional to regular First Class services to New York via Prestwick and Boston; to Montreal via Prestwick.

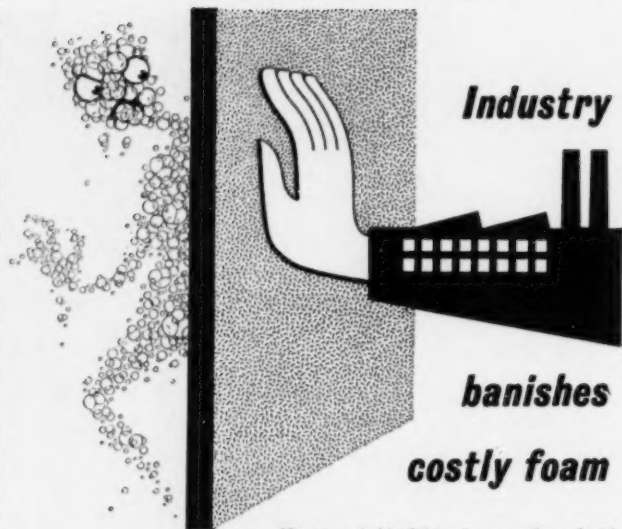
Consult your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, S.W.1 (VIC 2323), 75 Regent Street, W.1 (MAY 6611) or offices in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool.



B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

FLY BRITISH BY **B.O.A.C.**

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION



Industry

**banishes
costly foam**

How to get rid of foam is a question asked in a hundred and one trades. In the making of paints and glues for instance—preserves and insecticides—bitumen and chemicals—just to mention a few. Silicone antifoaming agents in amazingly low concentrations speedily banish foam and its problems.

with **SILICONE MS ANTIFOAM 'A'**

Write for full information to —

MIDLAND SILICONES LTD

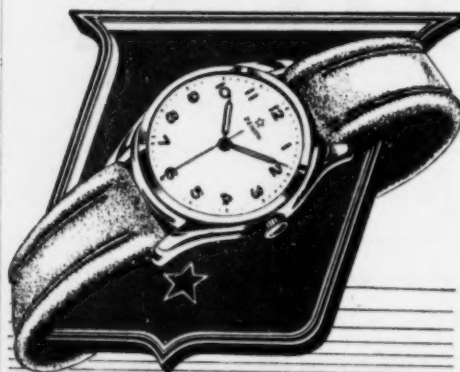
19 UPPER BROOK ST., LONDON, W.1. Tel: Grosvenor 4551

An associate company of Albright & Wilson Ltd.

FOR BRITISH MADE SILICONES



100/115



ZENITH

*The
Better
Watch*

HOLD THE RECORDS

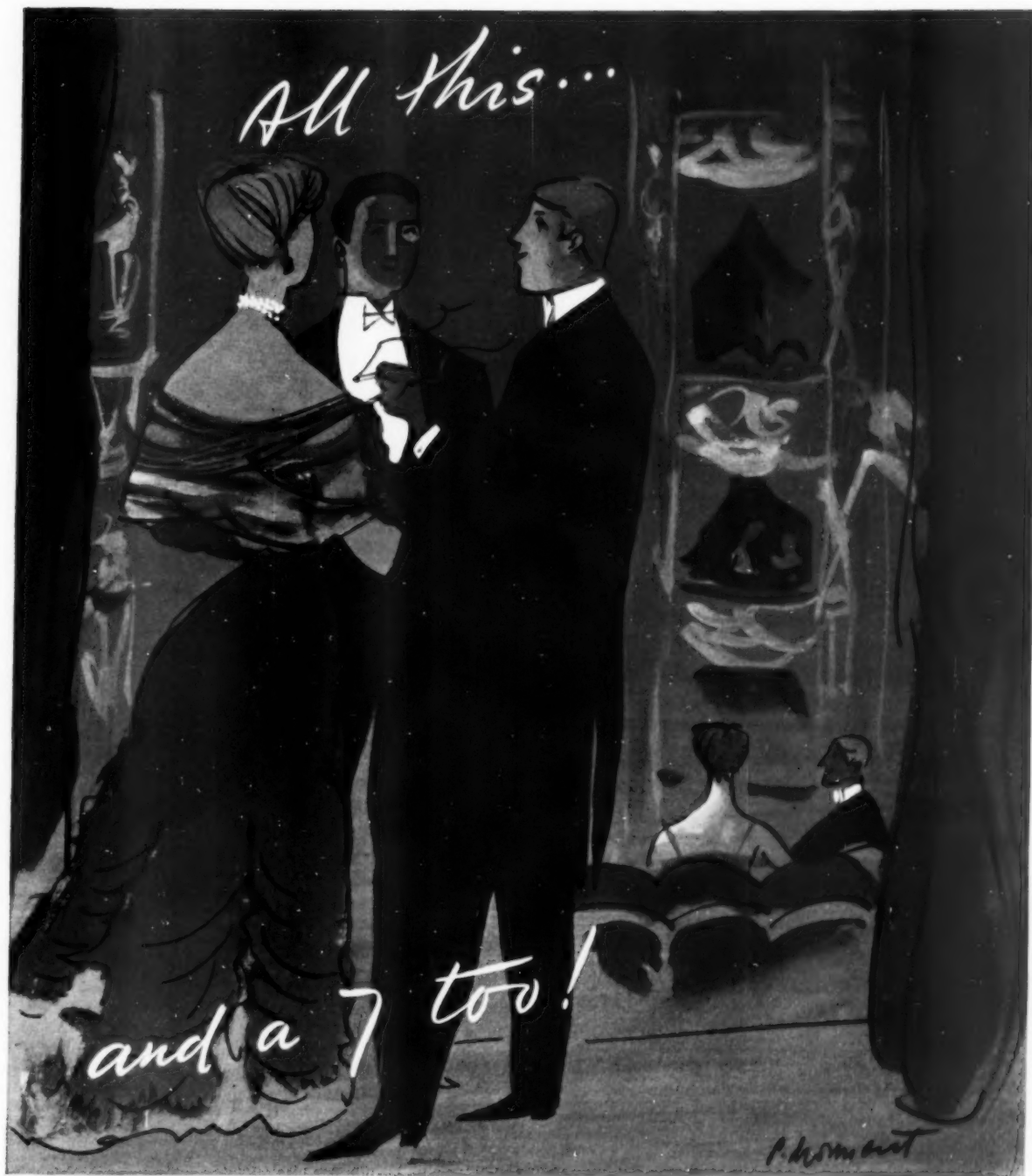
for WRIST (30mm) and POCKET WATCHES
at Neuchatel Observatory, Switzerland.

THE

ZENITH WATCH CO. (GT. BRITAIN) LTD

119 HIGH HOLBORN,
LONDON - W.C.1.

ask your local
ZENITH agent
or write to us
for his name



The coloured gaiety of an Edwardian evening preserved within the greyer world of today . . . The interval's little valley of relaxed small-talk between the towering peaks of music and emotion . . . The crispness of a white tie seen against a fat background, all crimson and gold . . . And for perfection one thing more—

NUMBER SEVEN

Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/11

—by ABDULLA

ABDULLA & COMPANY LIMITED • 173 NEW BOND STREET • LONDON • W1



MELTON MOWBRAY PIES

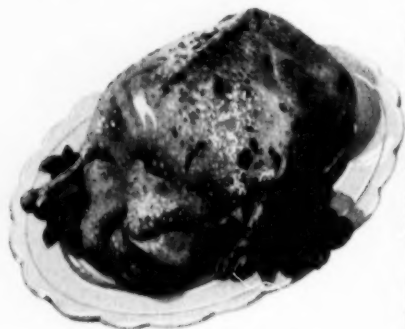
are 'raised' in the heart of the hunting country and filled with pork that must be cut up and not, whatever you do, minced. A Melton Mowbray pie is well worth drawing the shops for. When run to earth, serve it cold, preferably with Guinness.

Guinness Guide to Country Dishes



LOVE IN DISGUISE

is a West Country delicacy, and somehow there's a West Country flavour about the very name. Stuff a calf's heart with veal forcemeat and bake very slowly. Served with bacon and brown gravy nothing can disguise its savoury excellence.



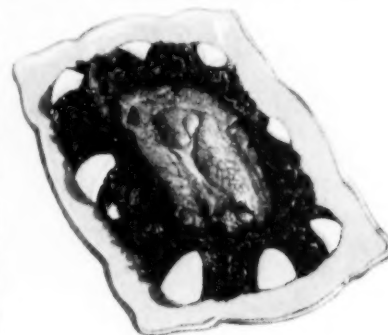
MICHAELMAS GOOSE

is a great country tradition. "Who eats goose on Michael's Day Shan't money lack his debts to pay" ; but no such excuse is needed when the imprisoned juices burst forth at the knife's entry. Perhaps only Guinness could make the appetite any keener then.



COCKIE LEEKIE

Scotland's great chicken soup, must be five hours a-simmering. Leeks, prunes, herbs and a bay leaf, besides a fowl, all contribute something to this noble broth. Follow it with a Guinness and see if you don't feel like taking on the Douglas and the Percy both at once.



GAMMON & SPINACH

is but one of many good things traditionally provided by "the gentleman that pays the rent". Another farm-house way with ham is to bake thick slices with sharp apples and brown sugar. Superb hams have been cured with stout, which can also be used for cooking them.



HODGE PODGE

Hotch Potch or Hot Pot — there's no more agreement on the name than on the ingredients. But countrymen, from Sussex to Lancashire, agree that no dish is tastier, or stays a man better. Oysters are sometimes included in Lancashire Hot Pot.



CORNISH PASTIES

are distinguished—and that is undoubtedly the word—by the fact that the meat and vegetables are sealed raw into their pastry portmanteau. The beef, liver, potatoes, onion, turnip and carrot cook there in their own incomparable juices.

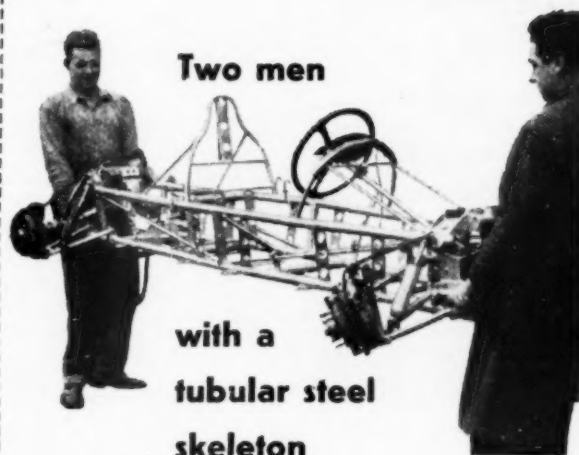


**—AND GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU**

This is a private argument—

BUT ANYBODY MAY JOIN IN

A? or B?



Two men

with a
tubular steel
skeleton

This tubular steel chassis for the Cooper-Bristol racing car is no skeleton in the cupboard — it has many important successes to its credit in England and abroad. The tubular steel construction gives great rigidity and strength to the framework and, at the same time, lightens the total weight considerably. Those who know tell us that this form of construction, using Accles & Pollock's seamless steel tubes, is pointing the way for future development in motor car design generally.


ACCLES & POLLOCK

Makers and manipulators of seamless tubes, in stainless and other steels

OLDBURY • BIRMINGHAM • A  COMPANY



Last week
the Directors of Accles & Pollock gave us
a bit of a start
moving along the corridors at a
rattling pace we found them
holding a skeleton
tubular steel car chassis six
gallons of petrol
and a brand new sales chart
close behind them was a racing
car manufacturer
well in front
of modern trends
he is using tubes
to lose weight at the
same time increasing
strength thus cornering
nicely all the grand prizes as the
idea spreads motorists generally will benefit from
better cars and Accles & Pollock sales
curve will go off in top gear.

Accles & Pollock, Oldbury, Birmingham. A  Company.

Makers and manipulators of seamless tubes, in stainless and other steels.

FILL IN AND POST THIS BALLOT COUPON

Although we have repeatedly told them not to, the Directors of Accles & Pollock sometimes read these advertisements. They now have the idea that they should be written in a way simple enough even for them to understand. This seems crazy to us, but, then, we seem crazy to them.

Assuming that you care two hoots, we would like you to tell us whether you think the advertisements should be written (as the Example A) to please the Directors, or whether we should continue to write them in our own sweet way (as Example B). The Ballot coupon alongside makes it easy for you to do this.

To (Cross out the whole lot if you like and please yourself)

- (A) PICKLES & WALLOP LTD
(B) CRACKLES & ROLLTOP LTD
(C) ACCLES & POLLOCK LTD
(D) CACKLES & HEMLock LTD
(E) ☐

STEEL TUBE MAKERS
OLDBURY
BIRMINGHAM

On the distinct understanding that I never read advertisements and would never dream of going anywhere else for steel tubes

I vote for

- (A) EXAMPLE A
(B) EXAMPLE B
(C) NEITHER

and wish to state categorically that

I THINK
I SOMETIMES THINK
I NEVER THINK

that you should

- (A) STOP BOTHERING ME
(B) CHANGE YOUR NAME
(C) RAISE YOUR WRITER'S SALARY
(D) GO FISHING INSTEAD
(E) ASK ME ANOTHER

(Directors of Accles & Pollock and other Tube Investment Companies or their wives may not vote except for the one about the Salary)

*Highly recommended

Signed

Address

*For limousine luxury with
the sparkle of a sports car*

it must be a **ZEPHYR**

WINNER OF THE 1953 MONTE CARLO RALLY.



— — — — — **or** — — — — —



a **CONSUL**

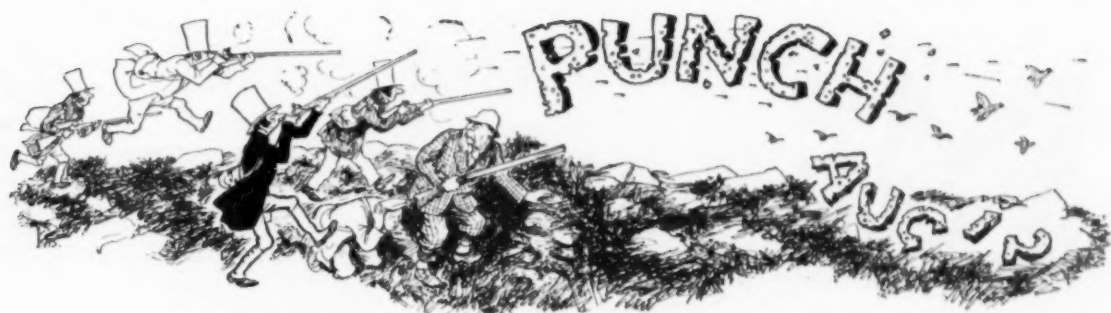
The 6-cylinder Zephyr has vivid acceleration, very high cruising speeds and handling qualities that would be outstanding in any car at *any* price. And yet it is a family car: spacious, comfortable and economical. And you'll find the same fine qualities in the 4-cylinder Consul. Both these '5-Star' cars bring you a class of motoring never before possible in their price range. Which is your choice? Your Ford Dealer will gladly give you details of each—and of the finance facilities for both.

Visitors to Britain requiring cars for export may order them for early delivery without payment of Purchase Tax from any Ford Main Dealer or from Export Department at our Showrooms, 88 Regent Street, London, W.1. (Regent 7272).

ZEPHYR-6 £532 Plus P.T. £222.15.10 CONSUL £470 Plus P.T. £196.19.2

Ford '5-Star' Motoring ★★★★★ *The best at lowest cost*





CHARIVARIA

A LETTER to *The Observer* urging bolder measures for road safety emphasizes the need to reduce the number of road users. Judging by recent accident statistics this scheme is in force already.

~ ~

Wide Press coverage was accorded the hooking of a pound note by a twelve-year-old boy fishing from the pier at Ryde. Rival resorts are angrily demanding why their publicity department didn't think of this first.



~ ~

A highly successful sports day for the athletes of the Civil Service was recently held at Chiswick. Outstanding among the more light-hearted events

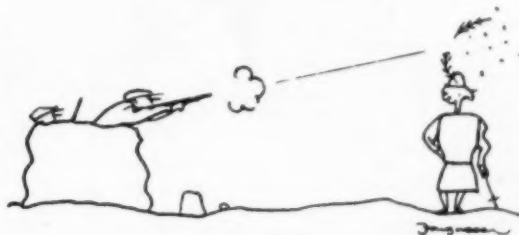
was an obstacle race of unusual ingenuity.

~ ~

The Korean armistice has made a valuable clearance in the jungle of world unrest. Now there only remain the problems of German disunity, Malayan banditry, Mau-Mau terrorism, the Soviet-Japanese peace treaty, Communist Chinese representation at Lake Success, the Formosa affair, the war in Indo-China, developments in the Suez Canal Zone, the Austrian peace treaty and the new skirt length.

~ ~

A fashion note speaks enthusiastically of a new hat dominated by a huge natural pheasant quill, and adds that it is "appropriately named 'Glorious Twelfth'." It seems that the title "First of October" has been registered for a forthcoming creation in grouse feathers.



The world prestige of President Neguib, already a little unstable because of his confused behaviour during a first year of rule, has not been notably improved by the recent decrees abolishing the national anthem and the fez. A clearer mind would have perceived that the removal of the one automatically makes it unnecessary to remove the other.

~ ~

When a ladies' team of London fashion models recently played a village cricket eleven in Surrey genuine cricket-lovers among the spectators were heavily outnumbered by mere sightseers. All were agreed, however, on the remarkable number of fine legs in the field.



~ ~

According to a forecast by the Coal Utilization Council the television receiver is ousting the fireplace as the centre of family life. Those sitting round it still find themselves wondering who will clean up the Ashes.

~ ~

Hertford public library has arranged an admonitory exhibition of books whose covers have been burnt by cigarettes and pages defaced by ink, jam and scribble. This is in addition to the ordinary display of those torn to shreds by reviewers.

~ ~

Since the recent rise in New York fares passengers are being urged to use metal discs instead of coins on their underground railway system. In London the authorities take the opposite line.



MIKARDO HART was a meter-reader for the North Thames Atom Board. He left school at nineteen in the usual way, did his five years' National Service, and began work with skill and enthusiasm and the prospect of compulsory retirement at thirty-five. He was in every way a typical product of the nineteen-nineties.

Unfortunately he had only been at work a couple of years when he contracted Neustatter's Disease, an occupational malady common among meter-readers, the symptoms of which are fallen arches, stubbed toes and bumps on the top of the head. The causes of Neustatter's Disease are well-known; the urgent need to build numerous cheap houses for the workers resulted in their being built continually smaller and smaller, while the ever-improving diet of school children made them grow larger and larger. An attempt to stamp out the disease at the root has begun with the recent laws compelling meters to be sited outside houses; but until this practice becomes universal treatment under the National Health Service must be given.

Neustatter's Disease yields readily to injections of the wonder-drug lunamycin, which was discovered in 1985 by Sir Summerskill Boot. Lunamycin is prepared from a rare mineral only obtainable in the moon, and although its discovery represents a great triumph for nationalized medicine it is still far too expensive for its use to be recommended in every case where it is desirable. For this reason it has been decided that, in the interests of fairness, lunamycin should not be given to National Health patients but reserved for export.

Hart's recovery was therefore a long affair, and by the time he was passed fit for work again he had been

TOTAL WELFARE

absent a total of two years and a few months. He was nearing thirty when he reported back to the offices of the Board.

There he was bluntly told that he had no statutory right to reinstatement, having been absent more than eighteen months, and that he was now too old to be considered for his former job. The Board's representative added that he would have been glad to take him on as a night-watchman, but the Night-Watchmen's Union would not permit such a step. Mikardo Hart was compelled to seek employment elsewhere.

Naturally enough, no employer was willing to take on a man, skilled, fit and eager though he might be, who was within such a short time of his pension, and Hart was compelled to spend the next five years on relief.

This sad but unfortunately typical case-history of the 'nineties need never have happened if administrators forty years earlier had co-ordinated their results more carefully. As early as 1953 *The Times* pointed out that, whereas the ratio of non-earners to earners was 116 to 100 in 1951, a "moderate and entirely likely trend towards increased retirement" would boost it up to 127 to 100 in 1977 and 131 to 100 in 1982. These figures, plotted as a graph, give not a straight line

but a curve which rises steeply to reach infinity a little beyond the turn of the century, when the entire cessation of employment must be expected and some alternative arrangements made for getting coal, oil and so on.

The clear remedy was to discourage retirement; but this—save for the purely negative step of withholding payment of Post-War Credits—was never done. On the contrary, as workers became longer-lived and healthier they were encouraged to retire earlier, and men of forty who were the physical equivalent of men of thirty half-a-century before were denied work on the grounds that they were too old. An alternative would have been to breed a race of punier physique, and this would have had the extra advantage that, as schools and homes were greatly overcrowded, more people could be accommodated in them; but no, government after government insisted on growing bigger and healthier children despite an obvious need for the reverse. "Children growing up under our rule," cried Ministers smugly in the House, "are six inches taller and a stone heavier than the children of ten years ago"; and as the Ministers sat back in the comfortable knowledge that they had fifty feet or so of headroom above them, those children were ducking under the doorways of their schools to drape themselves unhappily across desks designed, as it seemed to them, for a race of pygmies. Small wonder that their dozen years of schooling could teach them little besides the elements of reading, writing and playing the cymbals in a percussion-band.

If there were politicians at the time who realized that too much welfare could produce a kind of eleemosynary nausea, they were far too devoted to the electors to say so; and though the suggestion may have been made in certain ribald sections of the press, it does not appear to have made much impression on a population able to contemplate unshaken the sacrifice of half its income in taxation for the chance of a free pair of spectacles. B. A. YOUNG



CROSS-CHANNEL MARATHON



*On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.*

Julius Caesar

*Joe Brummett's Quest***RIGHT INCLINE**

EVER since the local Labour Party refused to recognize my years of self-sacrificing work by nominating me for the Council and for the Bench, and then expelled me when I stood in the local elections as an Independent, I have been the recipient of numerous testimonials of sympathy. The Conservative Agent, Colonel Smith, told me that politics needed more men like me who thought for myself and were not swayed by the fickle winds of party favour.

I have always done a great amount of public work in the town and I am quite glad to have the extra hours that of yore I was devoting to the furthering of the Labour Cause. Indeed, I fancy there are some black looks being cast at those who drove me into the wilderness now it is being realized how much my departure increases the burden upon those remaining behind.

One evening Colonel Smith invited me to represent the point of view of the working man at a non-political Brains Trust. Colonel Smith acted as Question-master and there were three members of the Conservative Committee as my fellow Brains. I flatter myself that I gave as good as I got. However, I was constrained to agree that all was not well with the Labour and Trade Union Movements and I was able to add some examples from inside knowledge not available to the other speakers. I found the members of the Trust very agreeable to deal with and after the meeting we all went off to have a drink and a chat at Sir Vincent Vincent's. He is a leading industrialist and very influential in the Conservative Party. He and I became quite pally before the evening was out!

Lately I have had several more invitations to sit on

Brains Trusts in different villages of the vicinity. Sir Vincent often gives me a lift out in his car. He is a nice man, very broad-minded, and surprised me by saying that he and many others of his Party did not agree with all that had been done by the Conservatives in the past. He has asked me to come along to a One-Day School they are holding and give the students a glimpse of the other side. You cannot be fairer than that. I told him I should be pulling no punches. He was delighted.

The School was a great success. Some of the students tried to tie me in knots by interrogating me about Dollar Deficits and Inflationary Pressures and African Federation and heaven knows what; but I am too downy a bird to be caught. I gave them some pungent comments on the pursuit of personal interest rather than public welfare by political leaders so-called, and a few rousing sentiments with which even the most purblind partisan could not help but agree. In the evening Vincent told me that we were both reasonable men and talked the same language even though we represented different points of view. He thought it was a great pity that division rather than co-operation should be the watchword in British politics. Lady Vincent chipped in to remark that we had more in common as to principles than we would admit. Vincent chaffingly said he would apply for membership of the Labour Party and I made him roar by saying that I would be joining the Conservatives one of these days as a dose of Brummett might do them good.

The Hon. Cyrus Wedd has just succeeded to the Peerage on the death of his father, so there will be a by-election. Talking things over with me, Vincent said that with a General Election not more than a couple of years off at most it seemed a pity that the constituency



has to go through the expense and toil of a contest. I told him that the Labour Party would be certain to fight as those who did not see themselves as candidates would see themselves as Election Agents, Committee-men and the like.

I ran into Colonel Smith at the Old People's Welfare Committee and he remarked that the Conservatives were so disgusted by the unpatriotic decision of the Labour Party to fight the seat that they were going to make their campaign non-political. Sir Vincent Vincent would run as Conservative and Independent candidate. Of course, he realized that I should not support him as a Tory—he did me the honour of remarking that they considered me the sea-green incorruptible of the locality—but that as the leading Independent figure in the constituency and a man who for thirty years had taken an active part in local life and probably had a considerable working-class following I might reasonably be expected to support him as an Independent. He also very kindly passed on a message from Lady Vincent that whatever my decision she hoped I should not allow political divergencies to affect our very pleasant social relations.

At the opening meeting of the campaign I spoke with pungency and vigour and there were some present who were unwilling to unstop their ears to hear the unpalatable truth. I told the audience without hedging or prevarication that I had no use for the shibboleths of Conservatism or any other ism. I had the honour not merely to know Sir Vincent but to call him friend and as a man who would represent not merely this or that section of the public but the best interests of all he should commend himself to those who, knowing my work for the Working Class, would be guided by me rather than support the splinter candidate run by the Labour Party rump.

After the Declaration of the Poll, Lady Vincent asked me if she could call me "Joe."

R. G. G. PRICE



P. V. Packer

TRIOLET

I'VE bought myself a new deck-chair
And I am going to sit in it.

The sun is warm, the forecast fair—
I've bought myself a new deck-chair.

My wife has just informed me where
She'd like it put (to knit in it).

But I have bought this new deck-chair
And I am going to sit in it.

E. M. E. W.



Belsky-

RETURN OF A NATIVE

EARLIER this year, the story was that the Americans would come and then things would be better—*tourisme* would solve everything. There seemed to be plenty visiting Dublin and Cork, and once a couple of coachloads came through our place, a sight-seeing tour from a liner anchored in the bay off Glengariff.

But it was not until the end of May that Mr. Regan, of Danbury, Connecticut, stepped off the afternoon bus and became our American visitor. Eager eyes watched him, measuring him for authenticity. His age, say sixty, his well-nourished figure, his necktie, blazing but not quite crazy, his wide-brimmed hat, were all reassuring. So was his attitude when Tommy Aherne, twelve years old and seeing his first American, rushed forward in an ecstasy of awed excitement, offering to carry the man's bag to the hotel. Mr. Regan's eyes froze over, and he gripped the handle of his bag as though gold were in it and carried it to the hotel himself.

His action was taken to prove him a solid kind of a man who knew his own mind. The opinion in the place was that he was a man who had made his pile and now was very naturally visiting the land of his forefathers, as Irish-Americans do. Something about him, perhaps a kind of puzzlement shadowing his look of businesslike confidence, gave rise to the theory that this was his

first time in Ireland. These saloon-bar theories turned out no more correct than usual. Mr. Regan was actually a native of the place; born there, and taken by his parents to the United States at the age of seven.

This discovery was greeted with shouts of welcome, and a round, and a round, and another round of drinks. Mr. Regan acknowledged this hospitality with his oddly frozen smile. His expression was what it had been when Tommy Aherne tried to carry his bag. Ultimately, he bought a round himself, and immediately thereafter said he must get to bed. There was astonishment and protest—scarcely ten o'clock.

After that evening Mr. Regan did not use the bar. Instead, he sat by himself beside a potted palm in an adjoining room which is called the lounge and looks like a rather large kennel got up to accommodate a late Victorian dog.

After breakfast he would light an American cigarette from a white, transparently-wrapped packet and, with his jacket draped over his shoulders in the American manner, would walk the three-quarters of a mile from the hotel to the little park by the sea, where he sat on a bench until it was time to go back to the hotel for two o'clock dinner. At the beginning people used to go and sit on the bench with him and make conversation, but the talk never seemed to get much further than beyond the weather.

Somebody asked him how long he planned to stay, and he said "Just thirty-one days." Then he resumed contemplation of the sea with his slightly puzzled expression. After dinner he would disappear to

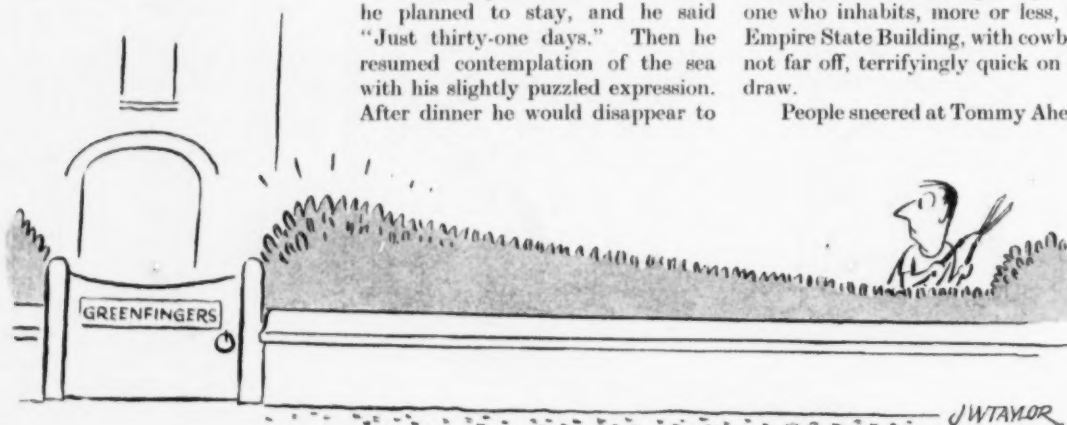
his room, coming out only in time for high tea at six. Then he would walk to the park and back, and settle down for an hour beside the palm, drinking during this period two glasses of Irish whiskey brought to him from the bar by Tommy Aherne, who worked there as a pot-boy. Then he went to bed.

All this, continued over many days, was a blow to our community. It was not only the material consequences of Mr. Regan's behaviour which caused resentment—though it certainly seemed strange why a man like that wouldn't be buying a round or two of drinks in the bar for the inhabitants of his own home place, or spend a bit of money hiring a car to get around the countryside and look for places where his great-grandfather or someone of that kind might have lived, maybe, or just buying souvenirs from the Leprechaun Gift Shop in Main Street.

Above all, it was a jar to the right order of things, an ugly disarrangement of a traditional picture. After all, an Irish-American returns, after fifty-five years or so, to his birthplace. Certain consequences ought to follow. He should stand drinks, boasting somewhat of dollars, of the superiority of the new country to the Ould. He should go about seeking the homesteads of ancestors. He should buy leprechauns.

His not doing so can be felt as an affront to propriety and the public. Feeling cheated, people jeered savagely at Mr. Regan behind his back. Only Tommy Aherne refused to be done out of his American, a man having the glow of one who inhabits, more or less, the Empire State Building, with cowboys not far off, terrifyingly quick on the draw.

People sneered at Tommy Aherne



for wasting time hanging round that old false alarm. Tommy thereupon threw up a bastion of stories he alleged Mr. Regan had told him; the sort of stories which, if things were as they should be, Mr. Regan really would have told him. Stories of Mr. Regan making his pile; Mr. Regan dealing single-handed with a gang of gunmen; Mr. Regan musing across frozen wastes of Alaska, striking uranium rich with a Geiger counter; riding hell-for-leather all over Connecticut.

In Tommy Aherne's eyes the absolute and exhilarating Americanism of Mr. Regan was expressed and confirmed by the special white packet of cigarettes he always carried, with the thin red tape round the top which he pulled to open the packet.

And one evening, as he brought Mr. Regan his second drink, he asked if he could have one of these packets—not to smoke, naturally, but just to have. Mr. Regan's face froze over, and his fingers closed tight on the packet in his hand, just as they had on the handle of his bag that first day. His exasperated voice could be heard in the saloon bar. In a kind of defensive fury he was saying that he had one pack for each day of his stay, and he was staying another seventeen days; just seventeen packs left. It beat him, he said, how anyone could expect him to . . .

No one could doubt, hearing the intensity of his tone, that this brand of cigarettes represented for Mr. Regan a diver's lifeline to some familiar world. Evidently he had expected all along that down here on the sea-bottom dangerous creatures might go for him. Now he was counter-attacking.

Tommy, thereafter, saw double: two Mr. Regans at once. He still believed tenaciously in two-gun, pile-making Regan. But meanly, tightwad Regan was visible too, and on this disillusioning figure Tommy spied, revengefully, on behalf of the community.

At the end of a week he was able to disclose that Mr. Regan had recently retired on pension from a post as janitor at a Connecticut hospital. He had some kind of small retirement bonus and he had spent



"Garrets have gone out, but starving is still in."

that on this trip, all of it. It was enough to last for just thirty-one days.

But why? people asked. Why spend all that money just to walk to the park, and sit in the lounge beside the potted palm? They tried to find out from Mr. Regan himself. His brief, mumbled replies were taken, by most people, for surliness. But after a while it began to seem that Mr. Regan mumbled and was terse because he himself did not know the answer to the question.

All that emerged was that people back in Connecticut had said to him "Why don't you take a trip and see

that place in Ireland where you were born?" And it had seemed a fine idea, and as though something pretty good must result from doing just that.

He continued his trips to the park like a prescribed ritual, as though before the end some kind of miracle would occur; something that would make plain the purpose and justification of this trip across the ocean. On the thirty-first day he took the bus. He took his seat by a window, and as the bus moved off he and Tommy Aherne looked at one another in a common bewilderment.

CLAUD COCKBURN

Teach Yourself Pitcairnese

THE enchanted isle of Pitcairn, focal point of the thoughts of the world's romantics ever since Gable, Laughton and M.G.M. remade history with their immortal *Mutiny on the Bounty*, lies half-way between New Zealand and Panama, its rocky forest-clad shores washed by the wide blue Pacific, its sun-drenched slopes ankle-deep in oranges, bananas, mangoes, pawpaws and other luscious fruits according to season, its amiable inhabitants, progeny of Christian and his mutineers, ever ready to dash from beneath the shade of their coconut palms to welcome to their waters the passing ships which bring almost to their doorsteps the wealthy tourists, ever eager for home-made curios, ever avid for a piece of the *Bounty* itself.

There is one trifling barrier—the language. Back on the ship the islanders all spoke English, but here in the boat bringing the visitor to the shore they speak what might as well be Chinese for all that it means to you. The first Government Education Officer, recently returned to this

country from his pioneer tour of duty in Pitcairn, admits freely that the barrier was far more formidable than he had expected. The children spoke Pitcairnese only. The younger ones added Pitcairnese baby talk, and some even had a lisp. So, to arrive at a basis for communication, he had to teach them to speak English, and his method, novel in its way, was to get them to recite the old nursery rhymes.

They learnt them in English, of course; but this is how a sample nursery rhyme would go in Pitcairnese:

*Hey diddle diddle,
Har cartu un' har violin,
Har kine a' sing use 'a fine in ar tin
a' meat jump upside har moooin,
Har ockle dorg laugh f' see hem
marden',
Un' har bowl runaway tek har spoooin
longfer et.*

N.B.: "th" as in *the* becomes "h"; "th" as in *thing* becomes "s"; "v" becomes "w". Final "d" as in *kind* is dropped.

Use 'a is use to, a present habitual tense unknown in standard English,

and not to be confused with the past habitual tense *I used to*. If one asks a Pitcairn child "Do you like chocolate?" he will answer "I use to," which sounds the same as "I used to" with consequent misunderstandings on the part of the stranger. Complications over the standard question of the marriage ceremony may thus readily be imagined.

For, not *to*, precedes the infinitive. Most vowels are lengthened. The "a" in *cat* becomes the "a" as in *cart*.

The student should now be in a position to translate:

*Ockle Mess Muffet
Ste up top one bump a' dirt.
She eaten' some custud.
One spi-eder jump dowin
Un' ste dowin longfer her.
Mek she fred, runaway.*

Note: The English present tense as in *stay* is the past tense in Pitcairnese.

*Ockle Bo Peep's a-loss hem sheep f'
hers
Un' car' bout f' fine et.
Lebbe un' gwenna coume houm,
Got dem's teil hangen' on behine.*

Note: Final "t" as in *can't* is dropped. *Car'* means *can't tell* or *doesn't know*.

Finally:

*Cartu, cartu,
By you bin?
I bin dowin Lon'on
F' see har queein.
Cartu, cartu,
Wossing you see dere?
I see one ockle mice
Underside har chair f' hers.*

The beginner should practise these in front of a mirror until he is word perfect.

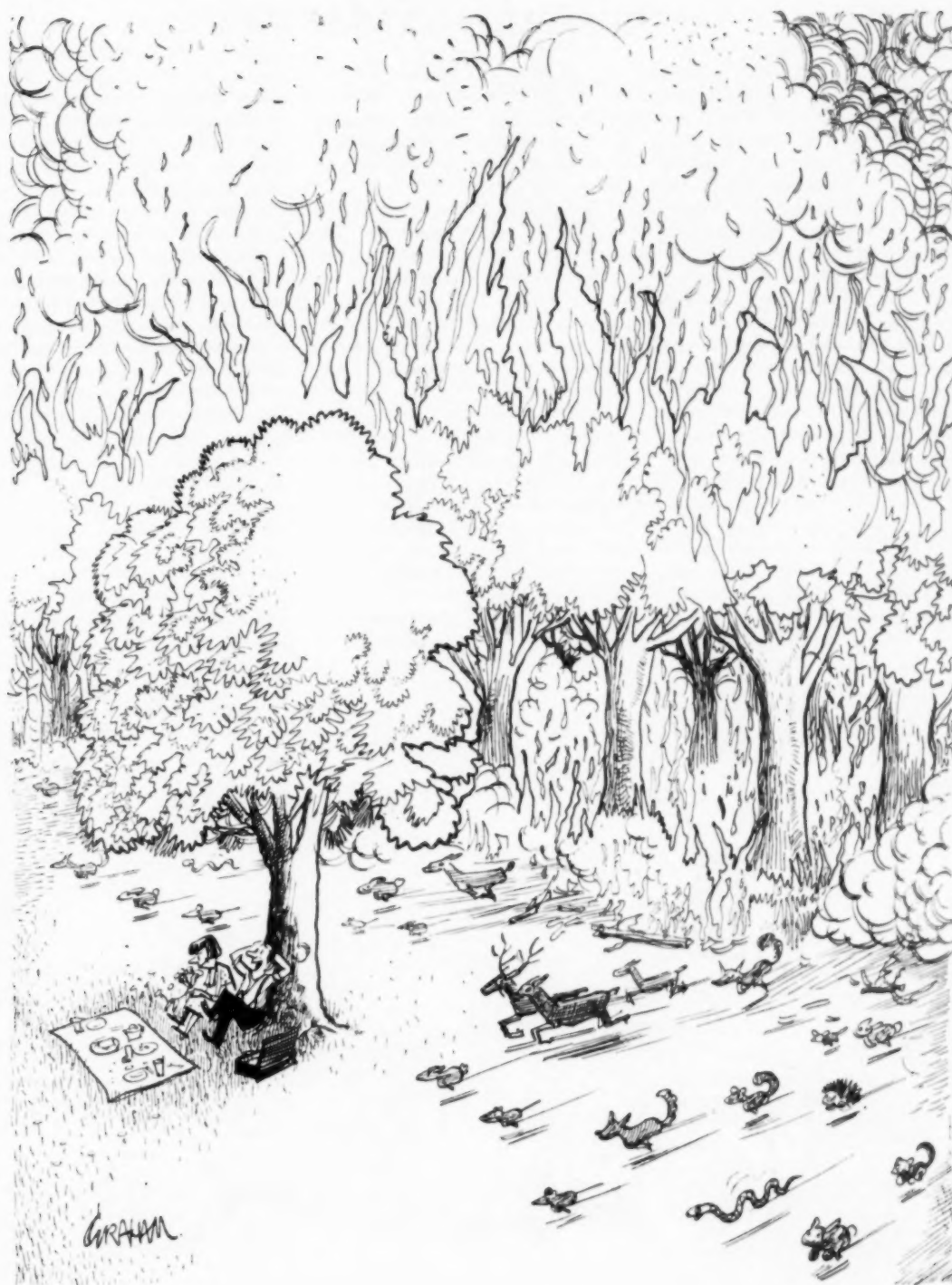
A. W. MOVERLEY



"Mind if I play through? I've got a slow puncture."

"Just as his assailants were dragging Lukas down the stairs, a policeman entered and held two of them up at pistol point until the military patrols arrived. The third assailant, who attempted to escape, was overpowered by passers-by outside."—*The Times*

And then, of course, you couldn't see him for dust.



"Hottest day of the year, I reckon . . ."

Eistedd-fodder

OUTSIDE the ground, beyond the suburbs of Rhyl, you find all the familiar paraphernalia of a mammoth sporting event: the queues of buses, the emergency parking-places, the ice-cream booths, the monster advertisements, the waving banners. A persuasive bruiser hands out circulars. Tips? Yes: "Four Things that God Wants You to Know."

"You," in this case, are the mere Englishman, the foreign visitor in whose language this is printed. Inside the turnstiles all is printed in Welsh, in a series of unnatural alliances between vowels and "w's," "ff's" and "ll's." You huddle with the crowds over the trampled grass to the mammoth, covered arena. The match is on: a most un-English match: not a ball-game, but what the Englishman, with his irreverent wit, might call a bawl-game: a singing

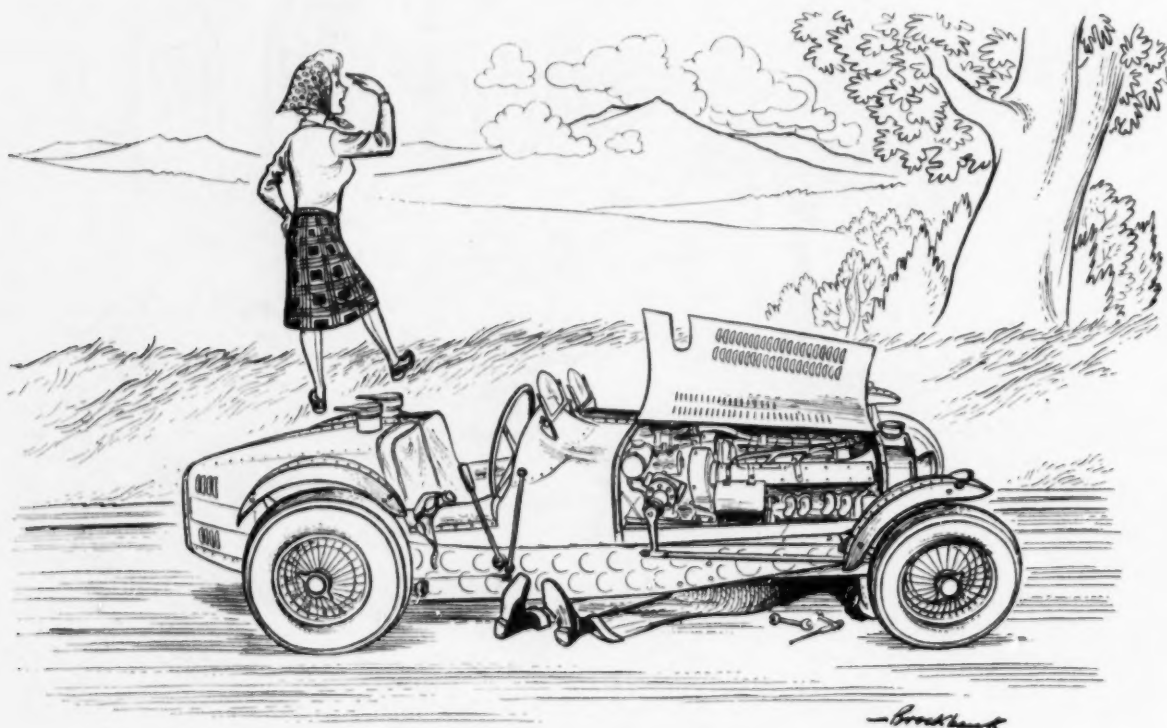
match, reciting match, blowing match, fiddling match, twanging match: an altogether Welsh match: in short an Eisteddfod, meaning a competitive "sit-down."

When the Welsh, unlike the English, had reconquered the Normans, they determined to show how unlike they were from everyone else as well. The Romans, in their arenas, had shown off their arms, the Greeks their figures. The Welsh, on the contrary, would show off their culture, giving prizes to champion poets and musicians.

Thus the Englishman at Rhyl, still sadly Normanized, sits all day long, defenceless, while Welsh meet Welsh, fighting it out with salvos and volleys of song. They pluck, with deadly aim, the strings not of cross-bows but of harps. Their rapiers are conductors' batons, their bombs bassoons, their batteries,

choirs launched in wave after wave of relentless bombardment. Female lung-power is freely exploited; platoons of girls in school-ties and gym tunics; of older ladies, each different in shape and size but upholstered alike in uniforms of black velvet and chiffon, or of plum-coloured taffeta, or of sweeping green skirts. An armour-plated contralto confronts the microphone in bold single combat. Two soprano recruits, lighter artillery, scorn this degenerate English obstacle, gazing beyond it, shoulder to shoulder, starry-eyed, as they sing into some Celtic mist rising, unseen by the audience, from the back of the hall.

Around them, eight thousand strong, sit the Welsh: a short, square people, thin-lipped, severe and astigmatic, with weatherbeaten faces lined like maps, and clever dark eyes behind thick glasses. They listen



"One thing about a breakdown—it gives you a chance to look at the scenery."

intent and unsmiling, pass remarks in a melancholy, outlandish tongue, and applaud with fervour, for all the world as though Rhyl were Bayreuth.

But to-day there is poetry in the damp Welsh air. To-day it is proclaimed from the bus-tops that the stanza is mightier than the sword. The two ladies behind you are deep in discussion of seven-foot metrical Welsh quatrains and alliterative rhymes. For to-day a Bard is to be named and crowned.

The Coronation regalia and costumes are a source of some shame to the Welsh, since they were largely conceived by an eighteenth century Welsh highbrow in London, a Mr. Williams, for a performance of this kind on Primrose Hill. The performance, however, to the relief of the English, was soon transferred to Wales, and is here before you in the limelight: a noble sit-down of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, ministers, miners and commercial travellers, transmuted by robes of green, blue or white into Bards and Musicians and Druids and the like, with a reverend Archdruid, wearing a crown of oak-leaves and golden breastplate, in the throne of honour.

Their president, a Mr. Williams, delivers an oration, eloquent, mellifluous and incomprehensible but for figures prudently recited in plain English, and the oft-repeated name of "Mr. Willi-ams" as he pays tribute to his associates. The winner's *nom-de-plume*, *Hebog* or Hawk, is then proclaimed aloud, and the new Bard, rising from the depths of the crowd with an air of assumed surprise but genuine modesty, is seen, to the wonderment of all and for the first time in Welsh history, to be a she-Bard.

She is robed in purple, led to the stage, seated in a chair embossed with a dragon by a Mr. Williams, and crowned. A sword, six feet long, hence surely undrawable, is ceremoniously undrawn, three times, amid shouts for Peace. A lady in robes and rimless spectacles plays her an ode on the harp, and a Druid, with smiling embarrassment, apostrophizes her with epithets composed in advance, for a male. Later it is revealed that she is a schoolmistress called not Williams but Cadwaladr,



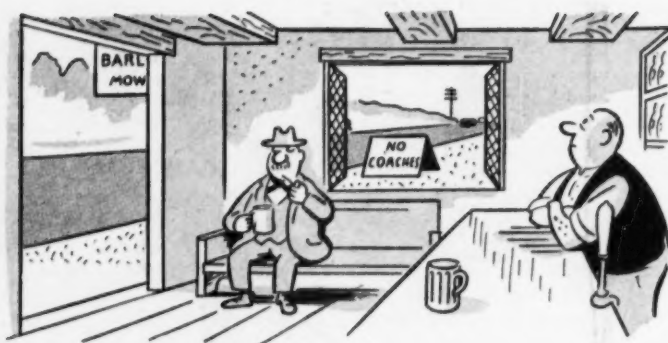
and that she composed the winning poem while riding her bicycle.

Next day the Mr. Williams who presides is Mr. Emlyn Williams back from England, and flanked by some hundred of Welsh "exiles" back from other countries and giving life-like impersonations of Americans, Argentinians, Anglo-Egyptians, Anglo-Indians, and one of a Dutch-woman. He speaks in Welsh, but relieves you with quotations in English, and even French, recalling the Oxford colleague who took him for a Belgian; his first silent news-reel, in which he took King George the Fifth to be speaking in Welsh; and his childhood belief that Cheshire was Africa, that elephants passed through the gates of Chester, and that Negroes, leading camels, paraded the front in far-off Rhyl. Afterwards

a Welshman said wistfully: "He had to come back all the way from England to remind us how to speak Welsh properly."

So, on an evening clouded by the momentous announcement that in all Wales no piece of Welsh prose had been found worthy of the Eisteddfod prose prize, you return on the bus to Rhyl, that "English-speaking" Welsh town. Here on the front the mere English are thronging a "Bright Spot," with a juke-box, called UKAN-KUMINANAVSUMFUN (not Welsh); thumbing Rhyl's one hundred and fifty-seven varieties of comic post-cards; queuing up for Sylvia and her Famous Chimpanzees at the Circus, and booking in advance for *Soldiers in Skirts*, which will mercifully follow the Welsh prize opera at the theatre.

KINROSS



Add Bouquet to Taste

THERE was a time when all I knew about it was that the best wine was French. It was grown all over the world, but you could tell it was French by the name. Of course I knew there were three types of wine. Red—which should be served hot with goulash. White—served frozen with cold rissoles or haddock. And aerated which the upper set drank mid-morning instead of coffee. The best sparkling wine has a touch of cochineal in it and tastes better if you drink it out of an old carpet slipper.

They seem terrible now, those dark non-vintage years of inexpensive Bordeaux bought by the bucket. A mere boy, I didn't even know the difference between a great Rhinhesse growth and a low class Moselle. I thought Duerkheimer was a spy. For me an important Australian claret was no different from wine vinegar in a clobber-style bottle. Wine-waiters openly sneered at me. My fifth engagement (a sustained discussion with a girl who was fixated on her alcoholic father) ended sadly. I had ordered two cognacs. The swindlers brought me brandy which I at once sent back.

My career might have been completely ruined if I hadn't taken a course in the Ethics of Wine at the Phylloxera Institute. We sometimes tasted there, I remember, twenty mixed vintages a day. In the evenings, when we were carried out, the director of the Institute ran round with a condenser collecting our breath. He died soon after of vintager's cirrhosis.

In those bacchic months I learned the truth about wine-craft through weekly exercises which kept our alcoholic standard well up. The occasion on which the director let me sip the dregs of his personal coffin of 1870 Madeira remains one of the moments of great stupor in my life.

We had been asked to outline a scheme for a new vintage; mine was chosen from sixty-three of the most fraudulent projects ever conceived in the history of wine-snobbism.

"Acquire a small ruined property anywhere," I wrote, "preferably a

rat-ridden barn on a barren hill named Heartbreak Mound. Rename it Mont Sans Foi. Immediately set six local widows to collect used bottles. Import a *vin ordinaire* which doesn't travel, is black in colour, and, above all, very cheap. Add a touch of some mildly poisonous herb. You now have a vintage Château Sans Foi, enriched by an expensively engraved label—this is the only real expense involved in the project—which reads *mis en bouteille par les veuves de Mont Sans Foi*. Give a large wine-tasting at which you serve nothing but good Scotch whisky, and you will receive recommendations of the following order:

"Among the best vintages now available in the three and sixpenny range, the most princely are *Château Soho*, the *Venus* of wines, *Château Jollichap*, a coarse powerful Australian newcomer, but greatest of all, the subtle, esoteric drink of the black widows of *Sans Foi*."

Nowadays I always know exactly how good a wine is. I simply whisper to the waiter, "Which wine shows you the largest commission, Mario?" Straight away I know I am getting the best in the house.

WOLF MANKOWITZ



"And how many meals did that cost?"

I AM a girl who loves to shoot,
I love the feathered fowl and brute,
I love them with a love as strong
As ever there came from heaven down.

Why should I not love them living
as dead?

As I shoot, as I shoot, and as my fine
dog Tav

Brings the shot one to hand, he is I,
I am they.

Oh why do my friends think this love
is so questionable?

They say they love animals but they
do not love them as I am able.

Seeing them run and fly and letting
them run, fly and die.

I love them to distraction as the wild
wind goes by.

As the rain and the storm on this
wide upper hill,

Oh no one loves the animals as I do
or so well.

THE LORD OF DEATH



If I am not hungry I let them run free,
And if I am hungry they are my
darling passionate delicacy.

Into the wild woods I go over the
high mountain to the valley
low.

And the animals are safe; if I am not
hungry they may run and go,
And I bless their beautiful appear-
ance and their fleetness,
And I feel no contradiction or
contriteness.

I love them living and I love them
dead with a quick blood spurt
And I may put them in the pot and
eat them up with a loving heart.

I am a girl who loves to shoot,
I love the feathered fowl and brute,
I love them with as great a love
As ever came down from heaven
above.

STEVIE SMITH

EIGHT years after the First World War "Horseshoe" Collins brought the invincible Australians to England. The first four Tests of the rubber were all drawn, and when the decider began at the Oval on August 14, 1926, the post-war record read:

Wins for Australia	..	12
Wins for England	..	1
Matches drawn	..	6

In 1953, eight years after the Second World War, Lindsay Hassett brought his devastating Australians to England. The first four agonizing Tests of the series have all been drawn, and when the decider begins at the Oval on Saturday next, August 15, the post-war record will read:

Wins for Australia	..	11
Wins for England	..	1
Matches drawn	..	7

Now this—even for cricket—is a pretty remarkable statistical parallel; and one from which we may take heart, for as everyone knows—or should know—England won the last Test of 1926 very easily, by 289 runs. Scores: England 280 and 436, Australia 302 and 125.

In that match Chapman won the toss for England and made out his batting-order as follows: Hobbs, Sutcliffe, Woolley, Hendren, Chapman, Stevens, Rhodes, Geary, Tate, Larwood and Strudwick. The great Rhodes made a dramatic return to international cricket, took six wickets for seventy-nine in the

SIX WHOLE DAYS OF IT

game and had useful knocks in both innings. Rhodes was then in his fiftieth year, and the sports-writers' favourite line "They never come back!" was never disproved more convincingly.

It follows from all this, I hope, that if we are to placate the Fates by engineering a complete concatenation of circumstances we must ensure (a) that Hutton wins the toss and (b) that the England XI includes some revived maestro of the past, someone fit to rank with the immortal Wilfred. The team has already been chosen, but there is still time between now and Saturday for the selectors to think again.

Possibles? Well, what about Rhodes again? He is now well into his seventies and very short of practice, but he would still be able I feel, to talk the enemy into self-destruction. Hammond? Charlie Parker? Bill Bowes? G. O. Allen? Or what about the great S. F. Barnes? He was playing regularly until only a few years ago, turning the ball smartly from leg with most of the old fire and bite. Yes, and turning it not with new-fangled "seamers" or "cutters" but with finger-spin so pronounced that from extra-cover the digital exercise sounded like a stick drawn rapidly across iron railings. Barnes, then.

It may be argued of course that our eleven of to-day can show nothing to compare with Hobbs and Sutcliffe as openers (incidentally, what a winner the immaculate, imperious Sutcliffe would have proved to the advertisers of hair-cream!), with Woolley, Hendren, Chapman and Stevens as "stiffening," with Geary, Tate, Larwood and "Struddy" as tail, or with Tate, Larwood, Geary and Rhodes as a bowling combination. I am prepared to argue along these lines against all comers and until the cows come home, but in all fairness to Hutton and company and our own flagging hopes we must also argue that the Australians cannot now field an eleven containing eight such batsmen as Woodfull, Bardsley,

Macartney, Ponsford, Andrews, Collins, Richardson and Gregory. Nor can Hassett call on a Grimmett or a Mailey.

There *is* hope.

Unlike the last Test of 1926 this one will be limited in duration. It will not be timeless, perdurable, except to the millions who will follow it, run by run, snick by snick, appeal by appeal, wicket by wicket, on the radio or television. We *may* have six days of it, enough in all conscience to torture the stoutest of nerves.

The one-day extension, the result of conventional but highly evocative cables between the M.C.C. and the Australian Board of Control, may help England, may help Australia. Opinion is divided . . .

Win or lose, let us all remember that there would be no Oval to-day but for that most distinguished non-cricketer Albert the Prince Consort. In 1851 Kennington Oval was threatened by builders. Workmen, armed with hods and trowels, were converging upon the pitch when Albert (taking time off from the Great Exhibition) made a dramatic last-wicket stand. He cleared the ground of the interlopers, restored the stumps, and so won the undying affection of the British public.

Remember, too, as the minutes tick away, the run-stealers stagger to and fro, and the gasholders contract and expand, that the Oval was once the home of the Association Cup Final, that it has seen hockey, rugby, roller-skating (Vauxhall End), athletics, cycling, women's cricket, and once nearly succumbed to the tycoons of the greyhound-racing world. *Punch*, thank goodness, was horrified—

*There was an Old Man with a beard
Who said, "I would never have feared
That Greyhounds will race
In that sanctified place,"
And all right-minded cricketers
cheered.*

Remember, again, that the first Test Match ever played in England was the affair at the Oval in 1880 (England won by five wickets), and that the first mention of the "Ashes" followed the Oval Test of 1882 which Australia won by seven runs.

But, better still, remember 1926.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



THE HUMAN PASSION

LIKE many other lands, where Greece
Founded her cities in the sun,
The isle of Cyprus once amazed
With all her architects had done.

Temples, theatres, palaces
Gave diamond lustre to her name,
And through that dadal, pristine world
Sailor and poet spread their fame.

The traveller who quests to-day
With learned guide-book on the isle
Reflects, among the shards, how great
The human passion to defile.

Where are the statues and the shrines?
Some lurk, no doubt, under the corn,
And some have foundered in the sand
Along that coast where Love was born,

And here and there a peasant boy
Still points to a mosaic floor.
Of course the earthquakes took their toll,
And fire, and storm; but man took more.

The Consul of a major power
Especially, it seems, excelled,
Who carried off gigantic hauls
By reckless appetite impelled;

And, long before, Crusader Kings
Quarried their castles from the sites;
They even built a factory
To process sugar for their Knights

From the great Paphian temple's wreck:
A feat that has its parallel
In civilized Victorian times,
When enterprising traders fell

Like Gengis Khan on what remained
Of sculptured gate and citadel,
And sailed their booty home to build
Port Said, the sweating soldier's hell.

One cannot blame the villagers,
They needed shelter, like the gods;
And Kings must feed their retinue;
And profits soar, when conscience nods.

JOHN LEHMANN



Still More Intolerable

AMOS AND THE FALSE ALARM

FOR hours, it seemed, one evening, we had been waiting in the pub for Amos Intolerable: the after-office crowd had drifted away, the pre-theatre people had come in ones and twos and gulped their drinks and bolted their sandwiches and left, the landlord and the barmaids had made two or three sorties to collect empty glasses and now were doing odd jobs or gossiping in dusky corners at the back of the bar, the pub dog after snuffling to be let out was now whimpering to be let in. Still no Amos. One or two members of the company were edging their knees away from the table preparatory to getting up, on the assumption that he wasn't coming; and then there came a rasping, raucous, unintelligible snarl from outside.

I think we were all convinced that this heralded his approach with

some happy discovery: every head turned confidently towards the door. A tin of condensed milk, a bunch of radishes and a small box containing a birthday present for somebody's wife were removed from his chair and placed beneath it. Our astonishment was great when the man who came in was seen to be a small red-faced personage pulling out a handkerchief into which he repeated his snarl, fortissimo, indicating that this was merely his method of clearing his throat.

We had hardly sunk back into our seats—except for the man who was groping for the radishes—when Amos approached, beaming, from the opposite direction: he had seen this episode as he came in through the adjoining Saloon Bar.

"Let that be a lesson to you," he said affably, sitting down. "Don't you know my proverb?—*The man*

who runs upstairs with a jingle isn't necessarily the conductor."

"You know," said Amos, "an astonishing number of people, and I include reputable critics, don't know *good writing* when they see it. There was a man—I've got it somewhere —" He pulled out of his pocket a bundle of old envelopes and looked carefully between them.

"Oh, *that's* where you keep your old bus-tickets, is it?" said an interested spectator.

Amos gave him a sour look and dropped the bus-tickets to the floor. "No, I don't seem to have it on me after all," he said, pocketing the envelopes again. "It was a review by one of those fellers they call *doyens* of something or other."

"Surely," the most argumentative of us interrupted, "there's only one *doyen* of any particular department?"

"Depends who bestows the title," Amos said. "One man's *doyen* is another's man's . . . well, meat.



"He's very conscientious."

Just so much meat." He assumed a challenging look, but no one wished to follow him into this repulsive byway. "Anyhow," he went on, "it was a review of the last X novel," he named a well-known novelist, "and it was by a critic people seem to respect. *Beautifully written* he said the book was, for goodness' sake. X!" He stared round, inviting cries of stupefaction.

None came. Indeed, a literal-minded character with a sharp chin, who has given him trouble before, asked after a baffled pause "Well, X tells a good story, doesn't he?"

"Story!" Amos repeated in a tone of exasperated rage. "What's the story got to do with whether it's beautifully written or not? Don't you know the meaning of perfectly ordinary words either? I ask you to consider," he proceeded hoarsely, leaning forward over the table and high-diving his left forefinger into a pool of beer, "the way this man X writes. For anybody in the least sensitive to prose style it's painful. He'll write—he'll write——"

He choked, and then went on impressively, "He began a chapter in that very book with the disgusting sentence 'The situation was commencing to seem of an awkward nature.' He has no idea of the value of words—he'll describe a character on the point of exploding with fury as 'complaining' about something, or say a whisper *reverberated*. Half his sentences are tortured strings of clichés applied just a fraction off key. Damn it, as a writer he's—he's the rich man's Amanda Ros. And yet this—this *doyen* . . ."

He choked again on the abusive epithet.

* * * * *

"Just as——" (he advanced this as an analogy once, but I can't remember the rest of it) "—just as many a pheasant could live to a ripe old age if it had the sense not to fly into the air when a perfectly harmless man beats its bush."

RICHARD MALLETT

3 3

"NO FOOD FOR BABY, SO STOLE VASE"
Evening Argus

They'll eat anything at that age.

More Lear Limericks

Selections from "Teapots and Quails," a collection of poems and drawings by Edward Lear hitherto unpublished.



There was an old man of the hills,
Who lived upon Syrup of Squills;
Which he drank all night long,
To the sound of a gong,
That persistent old man of the hills.



There was an old man of Girgenti,
Who lived in profusion and plenty;
He lay on two chairs,
And ate thousands of pears,
That susceptible man of Girgenti.

Edward Lear



"Last year they hung one of my water-colours there."

ESSAY ON HUMBLE TOIL

NOT seldom the mere neophyte who approaches a busy housewife with offers of assistance will find himself relegated to offices of a comparatively menial order, and may take affront, not realizing how important, and at the same time how far from easy are those ancillary processes which help to constitute a good cuisine. "You can shell these peas for me," he may be told, "only take them away and do them somewhere else."

Faced with this problem the tyro will retreat to his sanctum with the utensils and apparatus of his craft, and perhaps find ringing in his indignant ears those well worn proverbial sayings, "As like as two peas in a pod" or "As easy as shelling peas." Far different is the ordeal which actually confronts his apprentice hand, and little is the truth in those ancient saws. He will be well advised to use three vessels, in one of which the original leguminous products are piled; to the right he will place another bowl to receive the contents of the eviscerated shards; on the left a third receptacle awaits the delivery of the empty pericarps. Now must the utmost caution be employed, for not only does every shell differ in content but also in resistance to the pressure of thumb and finger, in the resonance of detonation, and in the violence of discharge. Much adroitness is required to prevent the riper and more explosive pods or siliques from precipitating their magazines over the carpet, or even causing them to strike the walls and ceiling, and ricochet under the furniture. Interrupted when this happens by the arrival of a visitor, the novice is apt to be found in an undignified posture, groping beneath a table or an armchair. He is in the position, as it were, of

a deep-sea diver for pearls, with the additional peril that on rising to resume his seat he may inadvertently crush one or other of the refractory vegetables with a careless heel. He must needs now excuse himself with the remark that this is not his usual occupation or attitude when alone in his library, and so pass off the incident with a quiet smile.

Many pods, however, are entirely dissimilar in character and robustness from these well-stocked veterans and require careful disintegration with a new kind of manual dexterity, no whit less arduous to achieve; some even, when the whole envelope has been torn asunder, revealing mere embryos or no contents at all save, perhaps, a lurking and insidious grub.

It will at once be asked whether these defective or maladjusted seed vessels should not be carefully collected in yet a fourth receptacle with a view to subsequent return and the replacement by the greengrocer, but consultation with the chef on this point will probably be met by some sharp rejoinder such as "Take them round yourself and see," coupled, perhaps, with the suggestion that the whole transaction should have been completed half an hour ago.

These discouragements must be bravely borne for the sake of the resultant harvest, many sized and many hued, stultifying entirely as it does the facile wisdom of the proverb monger. And virtue, alas, as usual, must be its own reward. For not often does the gastronome invited to the subsequent repast, however polite he may wish to be, murmur to his hostess: "My compliments to your coadjutor. Never have I tasted peas so exquisitely shelled."

EVOE

A DIALOGUE

A MAN and woman talking in a train.

He said "I always thought him; well, *you* know."

She said "Yes, quite." And he, "I told him so.

I said 'You know.' " "Yes, quite," she said again.

"I brought a coat, so that it wouldn't rain.

Don't you think that's the way things seem to go?"

"Yes, that's the way," he said. "And if I've no Umbrella it will pour with might and main."

"That's simply—well, *you* know," the woman said,

"The way things happen." "Yes, I'm sure you're right,"

He said to her. "I get, well, simply fed

Up to the teeth with things." She answered "Quite."

What thought, I wondered, was there hid from each Behind those words? Or had they only speech?

DUNSANY



Corrupt Me With Lentils

THERE was a time, early last week, when I was in some danger of getting confused about the arrangements then being made to ensure that the distribution of American food parcels in Germany

Shooting at the Schlesischer terminus in East Berlin was confirmed by two independent witnesses. They told me police with carbines fired into an angry crowd of people returning with gift food from West Berlin. The food was being seized by the Communists under pretence that it was to be redistributed to "needy West Berliners."

Daily Telegraph, Aug. 3rd

proceeded equitably and smoothly. It was not so much that one was in any doubt about what was actually in

RIGHT PEOPLE GET U.S. FOOD PARCELS Sent Back to Needy in West

Many East Berliners who collected American food parcels over the week-end decided to put them into the right hands—those of the West Berlin unemployed and pensioners.—*Daily Worker, Aug. 3rd*

the parcels; the difficulty was to discover who, at any given moment, had actually got them. When cooking-fat

. . . 5 lbs. of fat, flour and milk . . .

Daily Telegraph, Aug. 3rd

Having failed in their objective when they used petrol bottles and phosphorus, he said the Americans were now trying to corrupt the people with cooking-fat and lentils.

Daily Worker, Aug. 3rd

is changing hands with such lightning rapidity, and crossing and recrossing frontiers two or three times a

An old man described to your correspondent how the "people's police" at another station had been slapped by hungry passengers when they tried to confiscate food.

The Times, Aug. 4th

At Koenigswusterhausen . . . "a group of Fascists tried to possess themselves of the parcels which the workers had given up after they had been enlightened by party speakers," it was stated.—*Daily Telegraph, Aug. 4th*

day, it is difficult for the man in the street to know who is winning.

West Berlin police have announced that West Berliners returning with parcels will be treated as receivers of stolen goods.—*Daily Telegraph, Aug. 5th*

However, one or two secret documents have now come into my hands, concealed in a tin of condensed milk. The tin itself is badly scratched and scored, as though by fingernails, and shows signs of having been used to slap a policeman with, but the documents are in good condition and shed a little fresh light on the difficulties that confronted the eastern zone authorities in the early days of their struggle to stop the workers eating. They have been freely, but by no means easily, translated.

*Kommandatur, 82 Region, E.Z. to Überunteroffizier,
People's Police, Area 9, E.B.*

FOR URGENT ACTION

1. All persons caught eating in your area will be termed "treacherous fascists" in official reports, unless proved to be West Berliners, in which case phrase "needy pensioners" will be substituted.

2. Famished cyclists believed to be coming down from hills and making for Berlin in packs of several hundred. Detain.

3. Have you probed boots of returning workers for lentils?

O. Schwingler



"And finally, although you may not be immediately interested in helicopters . . ."

Überunteroffizier, People's Police, Area 9, E.B. to Kommandatur 82 Region, E.Z.

1. Noted.

2. Punctured tyres of strong party cyclists this A.M., per your instructions, and found inner tubes full condensed milk. Cyclists claim they were returning milk to W. Berlin by secret means, on orders Communist Central Committee. No use crying, but wire further instructions.

3. No.

J. Krusch

Kommandatur to Überunteroffizier

IMMEDIATE

Investigate report that East Berliners, in disguise needy West Berliners, are receiving food parcels confiscated by you from treacherous fascists and redistributed over sector boundary. Same report states that these parcels are then confiscated, under misapprehension, by West Berlin police and returned to food centres for re-issue. In some cases same parcels have been issued five or six times in one day. This gives U.S. authorities reputation for extreme generosity at small outlay, and must stop.

Para 3, my last. Why not? *O. Schwingler*

Überunteroffizier to Kommandatur

Impossible examine workers' boots while rain of parcels from West sector, believed discharged by catapult, continues at present intensity. Enemy is using "stonk" tactics from last war and saturating defence zone with cooking-fat. Situation very fluid. Request reinforcements, preferably ex-baseball pitchers, javelin throwers, weight-putters, etc.

Full report follows. *J. Krusch*

From Kommandatur's Office to Überunteroffizier

TOP PRIORITY

Never mind full report. Send cooking-fat.

O. Schwingler (Mrs.)

* * * * *

The documents come to an end here. If they seem to reflect an undue reluctance on the part of the East German authorities to accept presents from strangers, the responsibility for that rests squarely on the shoulders of Comrade Walter Ulbricht, Deputy Premier. Here he is:

Every worker should understand . . . that the consequence of the so-called Marshall Plan aid was the establishment of American bases and atom bomb depots. And the food parcels are the preparation for armed incidents. It is therefore necessary to open the people's eyes to the objects of the so-called "charitable" actions of the American monopolists.

I take this genial quotation from the issue of the so-called *Daily Worker* dated the third day of the month named after the old imperialist warmonger Augustus.

H. F. ELLIS

2 2

"The most striking of the larger new birds was perhaps the Surinam Jacana, with feet specially adapted for walking on water lilies and other floating plants."

From an article on the Zoo

Goodness, what will they think of next?



SURRENDER

O TELEVISION, Wonder of the Day
(Or Teleorama, as we ought to say,
But when we turn to Latin or to Greek
We madly mix them, and produce a freak)
I swore I would not have you in the home:
One might as well defy the Pope of Rome.
Enchantress—hussy—once again you win:
I saw the pitfall but I still fell in.
I have not sunk to any Parlour Game:
I still ignore the Drama, to my shame.
But when I wander in your magic way
Where Queens are present or the champions play,
The Boat Race or the Derby of the Dogs,
The diving damsels or the jumping frogs,
Bedser, Connolly, Drobný at the net,
Hillary, Bannister, or Hutton, set,
Lindwall, Llewellyn, Turpin in a spot,
Or Godfrey Evans, gayest of the lot,
Guards on the march, the Navy with a gun,
Massed bands, or Malcolm Sargent running one,
Ascot or Opera, the horse, the car,
Pat Smythe and Moss, Parnell and Gordon R.,
I sit and goggle like an infant mouse
To think I have such heroes in the house.
And then, you are a vice that one must share:
My "study" is a public thoroughfare.
The world drops in and out, and has a chat,
Explaining just how Bailey ought to bat.
My output dwindles: but I do not sob,
For you are doing what was once my job.
"What is the use of writing books," I hiss,
"When half the world is having fun with this?"

A. P. H.

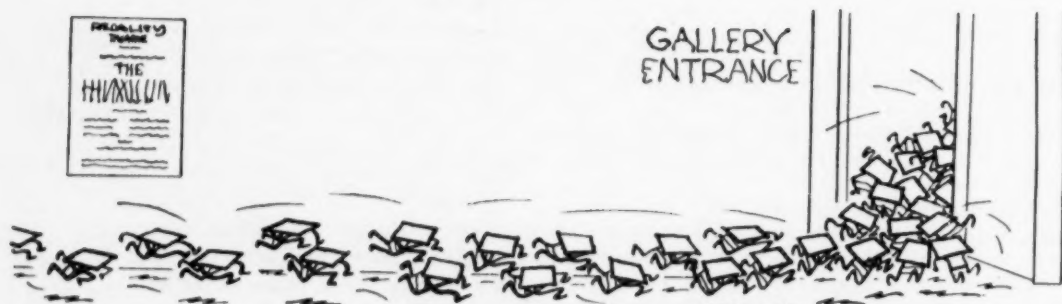
I seldom pass one of those queues of stools outside a theatre . . .



. . . without wondering what would happen . . .



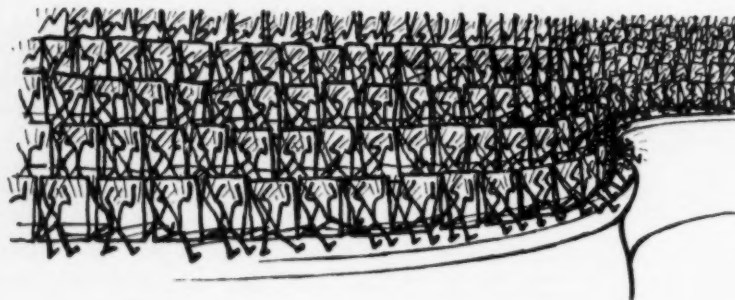
. . . if the doors . . .



. . . were opened . . .



. . . too . . .



. . . early.

*Modern Types***MR. BOUNTIFUL**

NOTHING gives Mr. Bountiful a greater sensation of pleasure than feeling that he is the cause of people markedly poorer than himself receiving special goodies and medicines; but this satisfaction is nearly equalled by the knowledge that he is the cause of people formerly better off than himself being simultaneously impoverished. Indeed it is doubtful if his pleasure would be complete were the former benefited without the latter being deprived.

In any dispute or contest Mr. Bountiful always takes the side of the "under-dog." For him the weak are always in the right because they are weak, and the strong are villains because they are strong. When he considers the international scene he is always certain that the United States is acting from sinister and malevolent motives, even towards his own country; but when his own country is in dispute with any other, particularly if the inhabitants' skins are of a different colour from his own, his vocal sympathy goes to the other party of the dispute. In place of his forefathers' blind claim "My country—right or wrong" he substitutes the shorter slogan "My country—wrong."

Although Mr. Bountiful always talks and acts as if he were one of the "under-privileged" (so much more delicate a word than "poor") this lack of privilege is not immediately obvious. Though not wealthy as the Edwardians counted wealth, his family were "comfortably off," and were able, without undue difficulty, to provide him with the best of English educations, Winchester if not Eton, Cambridge if not Oxford. His father was glad of the scholarships he won with gratifying regularity, but he could have managed without them; and he was able to continue a small "unearned" allowance while his son "found his feet" at the Bar, as an author, or in one of the other intellectual pursuits for which he showed so much promise.

As a young man Mr. Bountiful



carried all the hall-marks (or stig-mata) of privilege, particularly in his hands, which were soft with a slight tendency to clamminess, and in his voice with its "educated" intonations. These signs are still with him, but his voice has acquired a slightly "plummy" quality, like that of a Children's Hour "Uncle," with deep undertones of insincerity. He enjoys addressing the "masses" through wireless, TV, or columns in the popular press; he feels he can reach their hearts if not their heads.

Mr. Bountiful has never deigned to make money in any considerable amount; but he has no doubt that he could do so if he tried; all that is needed, he knows, is greed, a certain low cunning and a little technical ability. The problems of production, he learned many years ago, have been solved; to-day's problem is the problem of distribution; and as an up-to-date, if no longer quite young, politician he has specialized in the intricate techniques to ensure that everybody is given something and, above all, that nobody gets more than anyone else.

The gifts Mr. Bountiful has such pleasure in distributing are not personal; they are from the "State" to the "people." He and his colleagues are "the State"; the

"people" are the remainder of the population, save the rich or well-born, his family and kin, and members of the political opposition. If the "people" are to get the proper gifts and feel proper gratitude, the gifts must be distributed by fiat and claimed by appropriate forms or tokens; the climax of his pleasure came for many years at Christmas, when he was able to "give" little presents of extra quantities of goodies; for people to be able to buy the goodies without State intervention robs him of one of his sweetest indulgences; and he anathematizes such a situation as "rationing by the purse."

With his vicarious generosity Mr. Bountiful hopes to buy the love and gratitude he yearns for so deeply and of which he has never had sufficient. His parents gave him every advantage of position and education, including good nurses and governesses; but they did not give him the love and attention which many less fortunate children receive. In love he was "under-privileged"; and it is the wistful child, the unpopular schoolboy, who make the bond between Mr. Bountiful and the people and peoples he supports and tries to benefit.

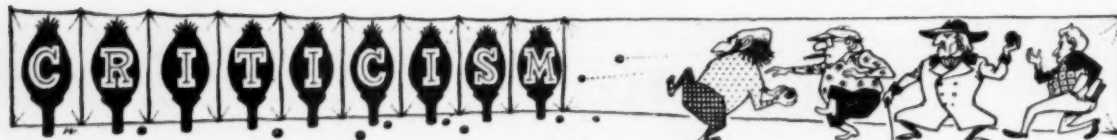
He has never forgiven his parents, or the people he likens to them, for withholding this love; and he finds revenge in any action which will diminish their wealth, their power, or the esteem in which they were held. He considers that these actions are "social justice" and believes that the "people" feel his own glee when the mighty are brought low. His hate, of which he seldom speaks, is stronger than his benevolence, of which he talks continuously; and he would not care much how little there was to distribute, provided he and his colleagues, and they alone, did the distribution.

GEOFFREY GORER

3 3

Snow Scene

"White-haired and dapper, his three-storey house, Rose Hill, stands hidden a hundred yards back from Common Road, Claygate."—*Evening News*



BOOKING OFFICE

Uncle Norman

Norman Douglas: A Pictorial Record with a Critical and Biographical Study. Constantine FitzGibbon. *The Richards Press*, 12/6

IT was a good idea to reproduce these sixteen photographs of Norman Douglas (1868-1952) at various stages of his life, together with Max Beerbohm's imaginary picture of him, plying an uneasy priest with Bombarolina, "bent on winning an admission that the rites of the Church are a survival of Paganism, pure and simple." Mr. Constantine FitzGibbon, a relative, introduces these plates with a biographical essay, on the whole informative and sensible; though it is hard to see why his family should be blamed for sending Douglas to Uppingham, for which his near contemporary at school, E. W. Hornung, the creator of Raffles, retained infinitely sentimental memories. The remarkable thing is that Douglas was taken away from the school because he was unhappy, completing his education in Germany, his mother being of Teutonic origin.

Since this is primarily a book of photographs, Norman Douglas, about whom there is an immense amount that could be said, should perhaps be approached here primarily through his portraits. The early pictures bear a strange resemblance to those of Sir Winston Churchill, and even the twenty-one-year-old young man in the grey bowler, posed in 1890, is by no means unlike representations of the Prime Minister at that age. However, by the time Douglas was Third Secretary at the British Embassy, St. Petersburg, a moustache had changed and conventionalized his appearance. No likenesses are included between this one, aged twenty-five, and a snapshot taken on Ischia at thirty-nine; the latter, just about the time when he lost most of his money, and "his career as an amateur scholar and scientist

came to an end. From then until his death he was to live by his pen."

This was also the moment, Mr. FitzGibbon indicates, when Douglas threw discretion to the winds as regards his private life. There is



certainly an extraordinary change in the next photograph, taken in 1912, aged forty-three, just before he went to work on *The English Review*. From then the pictures proceed, as it were, logically, terminating with Douglas as he looked in London during the war, and afterwards on his return to Italy; the prominent nose and chin: the intelligence: the humour: the dissipation: the good nature: the touch of cruelty.

Norman Douglas is in the front rank of the writers of his period. His books, although treated as bibliographical rarities, are not generally appreciated at their true value. This is perhaps due to certain conflicting aspects of his own nature which, in spite of brilliant gifts, somehow adversely affected his work when considered as a whole. He possessed an odd mixture of seriousness and frivolity, characteristics that were at times to the fore at the wrong moments. His own strong will and "logical" point of view caused him to ride his hobby-horses unduly hard, for example, in the pseudo-historical *longueurs* of *South Wind*, which remains at the same time one of the most remarkable novels of the last fifty years. He was really at

his best in travel books such as *Fountains in the Sand* or *Old Calabria*, in which erudition and a reckless attitude towards life could be combined with pure imagination, occasionally assisted (as he tells us) by kiff-smoking or such other local stimulants as he might feel appropriate.

Mr. FitzGibbon comments on Douglas with great acuteness: "He was gradually put in a position which was essentially a false one. For though he might flout the morality of his society, he was never anti-social, and though a hedonist, his hedonism was that of the Victorian gentleman, not of the eighteenth-century diabolist or of the twentieth-century experimenter. He suffered for his hedonism, as much perhaps from his admirers as from anybody else." This could not be better expressed. Douglas was one of those strong personalities—really intended, it was impossible not to feel, for the world of action—who are prepared to forgo nothing of what momentarily appeals to them. Modest and forthright to a fault about his own writing, he was prepared, at the period of the war when food was at its worst, to kick up a terrible row in a restaurant because the spaghetti happened not to be exactly to his liking.

On that particular occasion there was good reason to suppose that if we did not eat the spaghetti provided (which, by standards then prevailing, might have been much worse) we should none of us get any food at all that evening. I mention this only because it serves to illustrate Douglas's unwillingness ever to trim his sails in the smallest degree, a failing that led him into literary by-paths which were sometimes mistaken.

He is a most masterly writer of prose, and possesses that gift, so horrible when abused by second-rate writers, of giving the reader a feeling of intimacy. *Siren Land*, *Alone*, and *Together* should be recalled with the

volumes mentioned above: and *Late Harvest*, the survey of his own work, which appeared in 1946, is also extraordinarily interesting and enjoyable, a very notable achievement at the age he wrote it. A re-reading of Norman Douglas is recommended to all.

ANTHONY POWELL

Mr. President, Sir . . .

Recollections of the Cambridge Union 1815-1939. Percy Cradock and others. *Bowes and Bowes*, 12/6.

The Cambridge Union, oldest of its kind, was founded just before Waterloo, and also owed a debt to Eton. Three existing debating clubs, for one of which an Etonian candidate had been blackballed, were merged by loyal friends. It began in a small room behind the Red Lion in Petty Cury, and, although a serious body, ran into a crisis two years later which was nearly fatal. An attempt on the life of the Prince Regent led to a flurry of official witch-hunting, directed at radicalism of even the faintest complexion, and for four years the Union, guilty of having discussed politics, had to content itself with being no more than a Reading Club. During this ordeal its chief enemy was Dr. Wood, a Vice-Chancellor of inconceivable conservatism who was believed to have acquired his supreme knowledge of geometry while working by a rush candle with his feet wrapped in straw.

As the title suggests, this book is an outline and a series of impressions rather than a full account, but it nevertheless succeeds in giving a very good idea of the part played by the Union in the life of the University, and in the lives of a longstream of undergraduates, many of whom went on to make their names in politics and the arts. An entertaining essay, rich in the social history of Cambridge, is contributed by Mr. Percy Cradock to cover the period to 1900, and a number of distinguished ex-Presidents bring the story up to 1939. A complete list of officers is included in an appendix.

The close connection between the Union and Parliament obviously owes much to W. M. Praed's motion, carried in 1823, that the Commons' rules of procedure should be followed. But though success in the Union has often led to rapid promotion at Westminster, a surprising number of the more brilliant Presidents seem to have burned themselves out at Cambridge.

The subjects for discussion have always been significant of their period. At the time when the Corn Laws were debated, the opening of the reading-room on Sundays proved more inflammable material. The rights of Dissenters, doubts on the Trinity, and baptismal regeneration were overwhelming issues to young men who would have been sadly at sea in the frivolity of the 1930s, which produced

the motion "That work is the curse of the Drinking Classes." That the pendulum may now be swinging back towards a more sober outlook is borne out by one of the younger ex-Presidents who detects in to-day's speeches a new maturity which he attributes to National Service. ERIC KEOWN

Über Alles: Germany Explored.

George Mikes. *Wingate*, 8/6

Mr. George Mikes has sold a quarter of a million books by his trick of examining a section of humanity through, as it were, a quizzing microscope and transfixing it on a pin of wit. Last year he spent six weeks in Western Germany intending to apply his treatment there; but what emerged proves, in spite of some determinedly facetious writing, not to be funny at all. Germans, he found, "always explain the obvious . . . as if they had discovered, for the first time in human history, that two and two make four," and he has dealt with them by their own method. He clothes his genial truisms with such naïve wonder that at first they wear a look of deep and subtle import; but after a while you see that he has simply used his six weeks to verify a few prejudices—which is about as much as you can do with six weeks in Germany anyway.

And behind it all lurks that kind of smiling hatred which Central European expatriate philosophers in particular have brought to such perfection since the fashion for totalitarianism enabled them to hate in the name of humanity. B. A. V.

The Wake of the Bounty. C. S. Wilkinson. *Cassell*, 18/-

Mr. Wilkinson, whose scholarly manner greatly adds to the attraction of this enthralling work, discusses the theory that Fletcher Christian escaped from Pitcairn and returned to Britain. On arrival, he was smuggled about by Wordsworth, in whose biography there are sinister gaps, and Coleridge, who based *The Ancient Mariner* on his adventures. Meanwhile, Bligh, disguised as something from Bow Street, skulked amid the Quantocks to no avail.

Mr. Wilkinson raises some arresting questions: Are memories of the fugitive preserved in *Guy Mannering* and *The Master of Ballantrae*? Was Brigham Young connected with Fletcher Christian? Why are there curious omissions in the de Selincourt edition of Wordsworth's letters? What is the significance of the marriage between Wordsworth's nephew and Fletcher Christian's second cousin once removed? Why did the family of the Headmaster of Warrington Grammar School try to hide the fact that Marat had been on the staff? I enjoyed this book tremendously, not least for its occasional whiff of our own Mr. Watt.

R. G. G. P.

Rebecca Redfern. R. P. Lister. *André Deutsch*, 9/6

A bunch of eight people—one dead and making his views known through "Madame Smith . . . a medium of uncommon gifts . . . remarkably cheap"—tell the story of



this novel, or rather think it, being able to give themselves and the others away more perfectly by that means. The period is post-world-war when warriors returned and wives, who had acquired other interests, writhed at the thought, as one puts it, of "herds of husbands cluttering the place up." She disposes of hers satisfactorily, it appears, by making a wax image of him and sticking pins into it.

The wife who takes the title rôle loses her sensible young man, considered by her Chelsea intimates a somewhat dim type, to a young woman of more fixed affections,—and his income too. Drink and sex are musts in general estimation here, but these people are alive, most of them amoral, restless, shameless and superficially very funny, fundamentally pathetic and lost.

D. E. S.

Aunt Jeanne. Georges Simenon. *Routledge*, 8/6

An elderly woman much battered by misfortune returns as a last resort to her provincial birthplace, hoping for no more than grudging shelter in her brother's house. Stimulated and put on her mettle by the trouble she finds there (her brother dead, his sullen family on the point of breaking up), she discovers a new interest in living as she deals with it.

It is a simple enough theme that might tempt a sentimentalist; but Simenon's spare, unemotional narrative with its strong foundation of concrete detail makes the story of her psychologically shrewd campaign to hold the family together as absorbing and full of suspense as a crime thriller, and far more satisfying in the outcome.

R. M.

Queen over the Water. Mary Beatrice of Modena, Queen of James II. Mary Hopkirk. *Murray*, 21/-

Mrs. Hopkirk has a taste for England's less famous queens consort. From Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen she turns to Mary of Modena, and of that Italian princess, who was first a pawn and then a player in the great politico-religious game which agitated the Europe of her day, she has made a distinct and attractive figure. With the persons and events that surrounded and conditioned her heroine she has dealt in not quite so satisfactory a manner. Her pettish aversion to William III and the Whigs distorts her historical vision.

On the other hand, while her sympathies are Jacobite and Catholic, tempered by a disapproval of Jesuits, she is guiltless of special pleading in favour of James II, whose public measures and private morals she equally deplures. She is at her best on the Jacobite intrigues, who give legitimate scope to a rather malicious humour. Her writing is jaunty and seasoned with slang; of quotation from her sources she is commendably lavish.

F. B.

Beat the Devil. James Helvick. *Boardman*, 10/6

"At his own game" is understood, no doubt, in the title, but the style is highly objective and it is hard to know who is the devil and what is the game. The characters, rather amateurish cosmopolitan crooks and their ladies, are all mildly devilish; the game is vaguely concerned with the illegal acquisition of South African minerals. But we are never certain whose story is being told, and the game remains

hazy because the party never reaches Africa.

The book's strength is in its dialogue, of which there is a great deal—the author plainly enjoys the form, and tends to over-indulge—and in some subtle quality of character-drawing which slowly brings to their full dimensions a most improbable bunch of people; in parts it is very funny. It is also absorbing—but this may be due to the reader's continuous expectation that a clear-cut situation may develop at any time now.

J. B. B.



AT THE PLAY

Carrington, V.C. (WESTMINSTER)
The Man With Expensive Tastes
(VAUDEVILLE)

MRS. CARRINGTON was a woman with expensive tastes.

Her husband, Major C. O. P. Carrington, V.C.—called, inevitably, "Copper"—had only his inadequate pay. There were stepsons to be educated expensively. There were also tantrums on the telephone, threats of suicide. Presently "Copper" appeared before a court-martial in the Royal Artillery barracks at Crayshott. The main charge was fraudulent misapplication of Army funds—or words to that effect. He had an answer; it seemed to him (as to us) a very good answer. Alas, its effect depended upon the evidence of the Expensive Mrs. Carrington, of dear Valerie herself. Hence the excitement of this play which Major-General CAMPBELL CHRISTIE and Mrs. DOROTHY CHRISTIE have kept entirely to the day-and-a-half of the Crayshott court-martial.

This is something fresh in the theatre—at least, in the theatre of recent years. Assizes, the Divorce Court, police-courts, inquests, jury-rooms: we have known them all, but not the kind of military tribunal before which Carrington is accused. The procedure itself could carry this play. Here is a document, an ample note upon Army law. It is much more than that: it is a tale of plausible persons in and around a sad tangle. I would make one reservation: General and Mrs. CHRISTIE hate Valerie Carrington so much that the woman is too bad to be true. It is as if "Copper" were married to Goneril or Regan—preferably, I think, to Regan, for Valerie is just the sort of woman for that horrible line, "Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell his way to Dover." Miss RACHEL GURNEY manages to cope with the creature.

This aside, the play is a lucid and absorbing statement—which is merely a pompous phrase for a rich bit of "theatre." I imagine that a few trains were missed on the long first night; nobody would have left without hearing whether or not "Copper" had





Major Carrington, V.C.—MR. ALEC CLUNES;

[Carrington, V.C.]

Major Maunsell—MR. MARK DIGNAM

got away with it, and I do not propose to wreck future excitement by saying what does happen. Acting matches play. Mr. ALEC CLUNES is likeably direct as Carrington, who is what the old melodramas would have called the Pride of the Regiment. There is no more stinging scene in the piece than "Copper's" cross-examination of his commanding officer, a fellow who has nearly as much of our love and respect as Mrs. Carrington herself. Mr. ALLAN CUTHBERTSON projects this blend of porcupine and worm; and several sympathetic types have justice from such people as Mr. ARNOLD BELL (President of the Court), Mr. MARK DIGNAM (prosecuting officer), Mr. VICTOR MADDERN (who is what Sam Weller might have been were he a bombardier), and Miss JENNY LAIRD as a young W.R.A.C. captain awkwardly, and hopelessly, involved in the Carrington affair. Let us be dogmatic about it: this is London's most theatrically exciting play.

I doubt whether anyone would say that of *The Man With Expensive Tastes*. The man in question, created by Mr. EDWARD PERCY and Miss LILIAN DENHAM, lives at Mill Hill—which is very pleasant for him—in what seems to combine a hothouse and museum. He endeared himself to me early by saying "Yrena, will you get on potting those gloxinias, please!"—as brisk a way as I know of getting anybody off the stage. He likes good furniture and good sherry; he protects a Corsican wuif whose father he had helped to hang; and he scratches a

reasonable living both by hypnotizing himself and forging large cheques when under the influence, and by keenly investigating forgeries in his legitimate job as a graphologist. We meet him during an awkward passage when master-crooks, disguised as clergymen, prow about Mill Hill with revolvers in their prayer-books: a habit to which Mill Hill, no doubt, has been long used, but which still strikes us as odd in Central London. The cast—especially GEORGE CURZON and PETER BULL—contrives to treat the business, gloxinias and all, with appropriate gravity.

Recommended

The Seven-Year Itch (Aldwych) as a view of life in a New York apartment at high summer; *The Living Room* (Wyndham's), which is Mr. Graham Greene getting to the heart of the matter in Holland Park; and *Airs on a Shoestring* (Court), a buoyant and inventive revue. J. C. TREWIN



AT THE PICTURES

Powder River—Dangerous Crossing

IT is a sign of the season that the week's only two new films should be halves of one double-feature programme. At a London "first-run house," that indicates lack of confidence in each considered separately. But as it happens, each of these is worth considering separately, and would be even in a more crowded week.

I'm inclined to put the Western first, while knowing perfectly well the

near-impossibility of finding anything fresh to say now about a good Western. It would be possible to summarize the story of *Powder River* (Director: LOUIS KING) in such terms as to lead any assiduous moviegoer to believe that he had seen it before—I mean, literally, that he had seen this very film before. What is far more difficult is to give some idea of it and explain how the familiar situations can still combine into something fresh and entertaining.

The mood of this one brings to mind that of John Ford's *My Darling Clementine*, perhaps among other reasons because RORY CALHOUN, the hero, has a look of Victor Mature. The story is about an ex-marshal who hung up his guns till he was brought out of retirement by determination to avenge a murdered partner—not, of course, the best motive for an official keeper of the peace.

This happens "long about 1875," as we are reminded by such pleasant contemporary details as the first peaches in a can (latest thing out) and a reference to "cigarets—they're smokin' 'em back east." The detail, in fact, as so often—and the care for detail—are the strength of the picture. It gives a curious added satisfaction to notice such a triviality as the way the shells leap from the breech of a gun

[*Powder River*

Chino Bull—RORY CALHOUN

LES CLOCHES DE CLIFTONVILLE



THE belles of Cliftonville are fashion-conscious
And Vogue is at their dainty finger-tips,
It teaches them what length to wear their tansures
And how to stick the lipstick on their lips.

The high-lights of this season's Paris dress-shows
Are bound to brighten Cliftonville next year,
And all the little numbers now in bistros
In twelve months' time will promenade the pier.

We prophesy *les cloches de Cliftonville*
Will toll as soon as 1954,
And Margate's hemlines won't be snipped until
Legs are declared *demodé* by Dior. R. M. H.



Drawings reproduced from Punch of May 26, 1926

as it is fired, or how the juice pours out of a sudden bullet-hole in a can of those very peaches. These things are not in the strict sense necessary, the scenes could quite easily have been contrived so that one merely heard the bangs of the gun or merely saw the hole after it had been made; yet they do add, however unreasonably, to one's pleasure.

The piece is full of such enlivening touches. The Technicolor goes well on the wide screen: there are some fine large-scale views of mountain scenery, as well as plenty of small-scale satisfactions like (this inexplicably sticks in my memory) the low-key shot of a coach in a quiet, muddy street, seen from above. Yes, a good Western.

The other film in the same

programme is a suspense story using something like the *So Long at the Fair* situation. *Dangerous Crossing* (Director: JOSEPH M. NEWMAN) presents a young bride (JEANNE CRAIN) who sets out happily for a sea voyage with her new husband only to lose him after the first hour and to be driven almost insane by the refusal of everybody else on the ship to believe that he ever existed. All is explained at the end in a way one might have imagined, if one had thought it out; but the suspense and the circumstances of shipboard life are so well handled that one has no time for any such reflection.

The Press saw this at an ordinary public showing, where one sign of its success was the buzz of interest that began to rise from the audience at every pause in the action. It is a simple

enough story without any depth of character or significance, but it's good entertainment, in every way competently done.

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Mid-August . . . one can't expect very much in the way of films in London. *Call Me Madam* (5/8/53) is a bright noisy musical, and *Lili* (5/8/53) a sentimental story, quite pleasingly done, of a waif in Poree. Otherwise, the same group as before: *Adorable Creatures* (10/6/53), *The Beggar's Opera* (17/6/53), *Moulin Rouge* (25/3/53) and *Les Sept Péchés Capitaux* (24/12/52).

Most entertaining release is *Pickup on South Street* (29/7/53), if you can overlook the self-righteous talk about "Reds."

RICHARD MALLETT



NOTICE.—Contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests from contributors for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O. 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1d. Elsewhere Overseas 2d. Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner, "Printed Papers—Reduced Rate." SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 30/-; Overseas 35/- (U.S.A., \$5.25); Canada 34/- or \$5.00.



Are you a BP Superman?



Start first time—on BP Super. You accelerate more smoothly, you go further in top without pinking. And this energetic petrol gives you more miles per shilling, too.



is the trade mark of
ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY, LIMITED





NOW THERE'S
MORE FREEDOM TO
TRAVEL BUY A . . .

**BRITISH CAR
EQUIPPED WITH
GIRLING**

THE BEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD

**HYDRAULIC
BRAKES
AND DAMPERS**

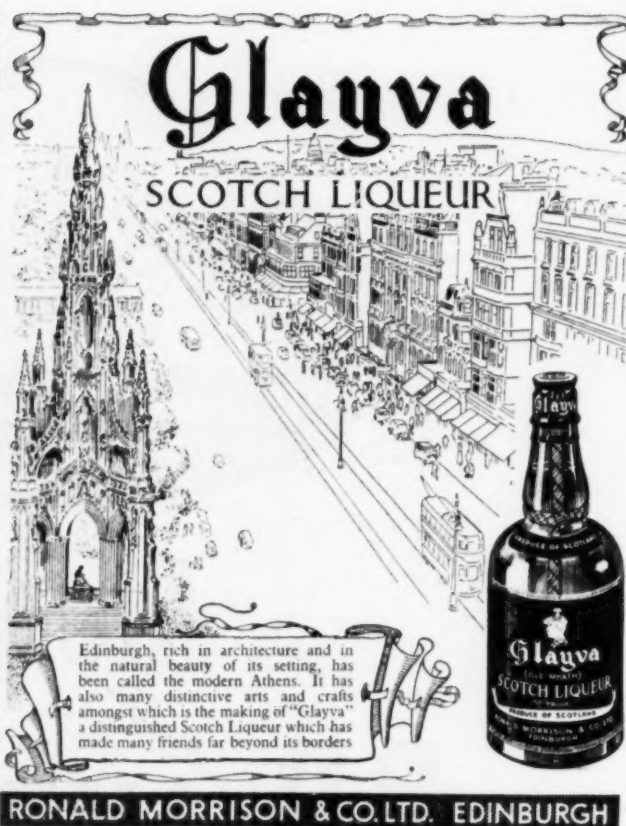
backed by a world wide SERVICE organisation

AND KEEP

Way Out Ahead

When you are travelling abroad ask us for the names of
authorised GIRLING Agents in the countries you are visiting

GIRLING LTD · KINGS RD · TYSELEY · B'HAM · 11



Glayva
SCOTCH LIQUEUR

Edinburgh, rich in architecture and in the natural beauty of its setting, has been called the modern Athens. It has also many distinctive arts and crafts amongst which is the making of "Glayva" a distinguished Scotch Liqueur which has made many friends far beyond its borders

RONALD MORRISON & CO. LTD. EDINBURGH

**Compact . . .
easy to
handle**



Lightly constructed, yet very strong indeed, CARTER'S wheel carrying chairs are easy to handle—even up and down stairs, and are particularly valuable where space is limited.

Wheel Carrying Chair
Ask for catalogue U4

Carters
(INVALID FURNITURE)

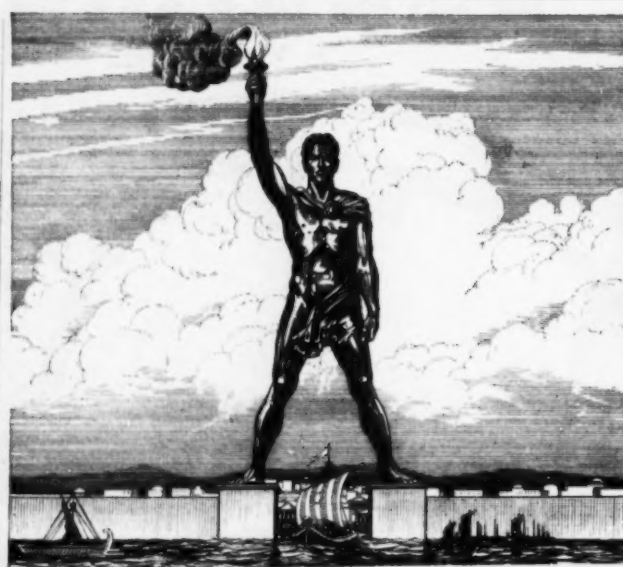
Makers of fine invalid furniture for over 100 years
65, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1
Tel: Welbeck 0071.
(Late G.T. PORTLAND ST.)
By Appointment Invalid Furniture Manufacturers to the late King George VI.

W. & T. RESTELL
Auctioneers of
Wines, Spirits and Cigars



Stocks in town or country included in Auctions conducted throughout the year

9 UNION COURT, OLD BROAD ST., E.C.2.
Telephone: London Wall 7364



The COLOSSUS of RHODES

A bronze statue set up about 250 B.C. to represent the sun god Helios. This immense figure, reputed to be over 100 ft. high, took twelve years to erect. In his right hand is supposed to have rested a large beacon to guide ships safely to the harbour of Rhodes. The Wonders of the

Modern World will be chronicled by posterity and will reveal the indispensable contribution of steel tubes to these achievements.

WELLINGTON
TUBE WORKS LTD.

For Steel Tubes and Steel Tube Fabrication

HEAD OFFICE: GREAT BRIDGE · TIPTON · STAFFORDSHIRE

HYDRAULICALLY FORMED
by a process unique
in this country



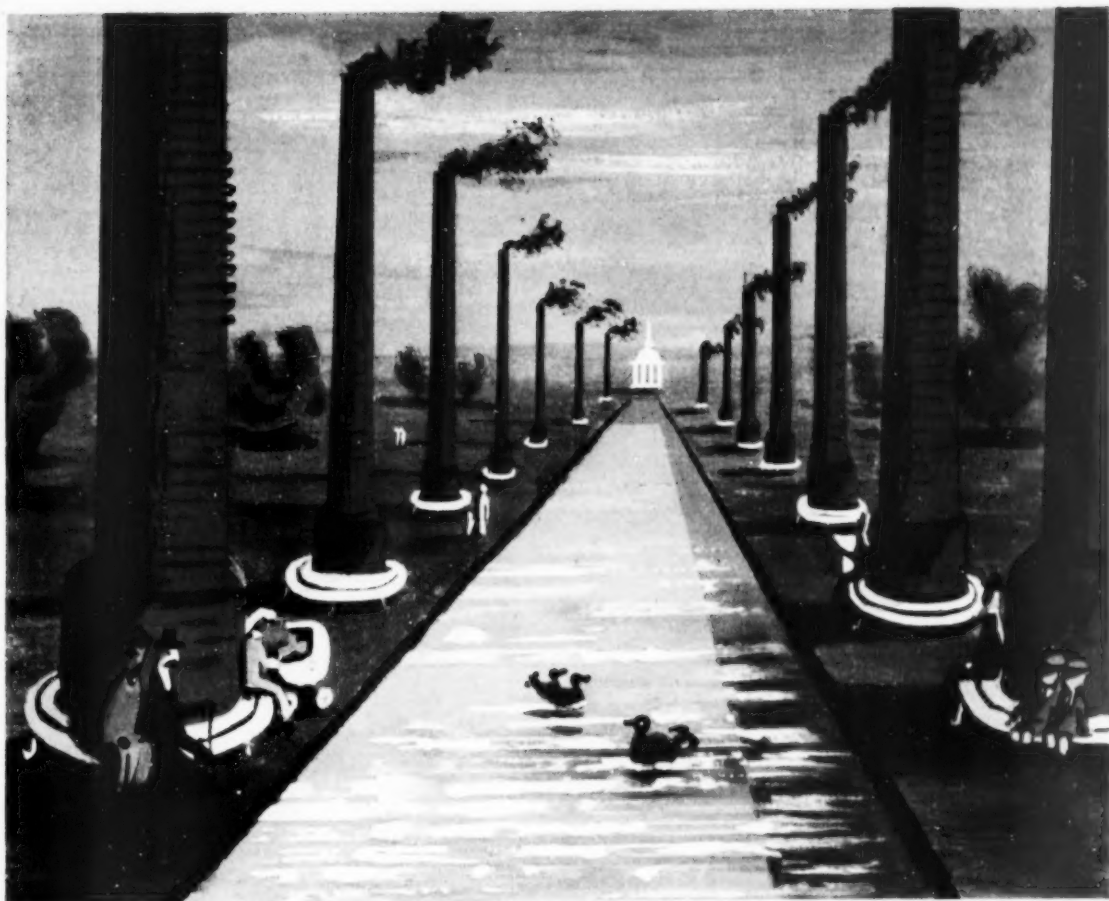
Combining the properties of:

1. A compression spring capable of repeated flexing
2. A container which can be hermetically sealed
3. A packless gland

for Automatic coolant regulation: Movement for pressure change: Packless gland to seal spindle in high vacua: Reservoir to accept liquid expansion: Dashpot or delay device: Barometric measurement or control: Pressurised couplings where vibration or movement is present: Dust seal to prevent ingress of dirt: Pressure reducing valves: Hydraulic transmission: Distance thermostatic control: Low torque flexible coupling: Pressure sealed rocking movement: Pressurised rotating shaft seals: Aircraft pressurised cabin control: Refrigeration expansion valves: Thermostatic Steam Traps: Pressure amplifiers: Differential pressure measurements: Thermostatic operation of louvre or damper.

Write for List No. K'800-1.

Drayton
METAL BELLOWS
Drayton Regulator and Instrument Co., Ltd.,
West Drayton, Middlesex.



Schweppshire Shows the Way

6. GASWORKS REVIVAL

Once more, by a precise interpretation of the present, we anticipate the future. Nuclear heating has introduced a new fashion. In our cities, run without coal, gas or electricity, the atomic age has reduced power plants to the size of cigarette lighters. Our streets are deserts of cleanliness and glare. But Schweppshire provides its own antidote with the Return to Smoke. Factory styles are in fashion. Keynoting is the doveote shaped like a gasometer, the yew hedge clipped to a pylon shape. Lord Schwepstow's magnificent summer-house is constructed in "Waterloo Station Grid". In the public park the rock plants are prettily disposed on the mock slag heap. Between borders of "Goodszyard" docks and "Bomsite" thistles, our damsels of fashion display their new grease-patterned overalls, with the new "Coledust" make-up to match. In this glimpse of a Fogschwepster Park, observe the pleasant perschweptive of

smokestacks, with real smoke* from actual fires to veil the remorseless Fogschwepster sunlight from our eyes.

*The practice of representing smoke with plumes of gauze strikes a false note, as is rightly pointed out, in his essay, *Pseudo Gasworks*, by John Schwetjeman.

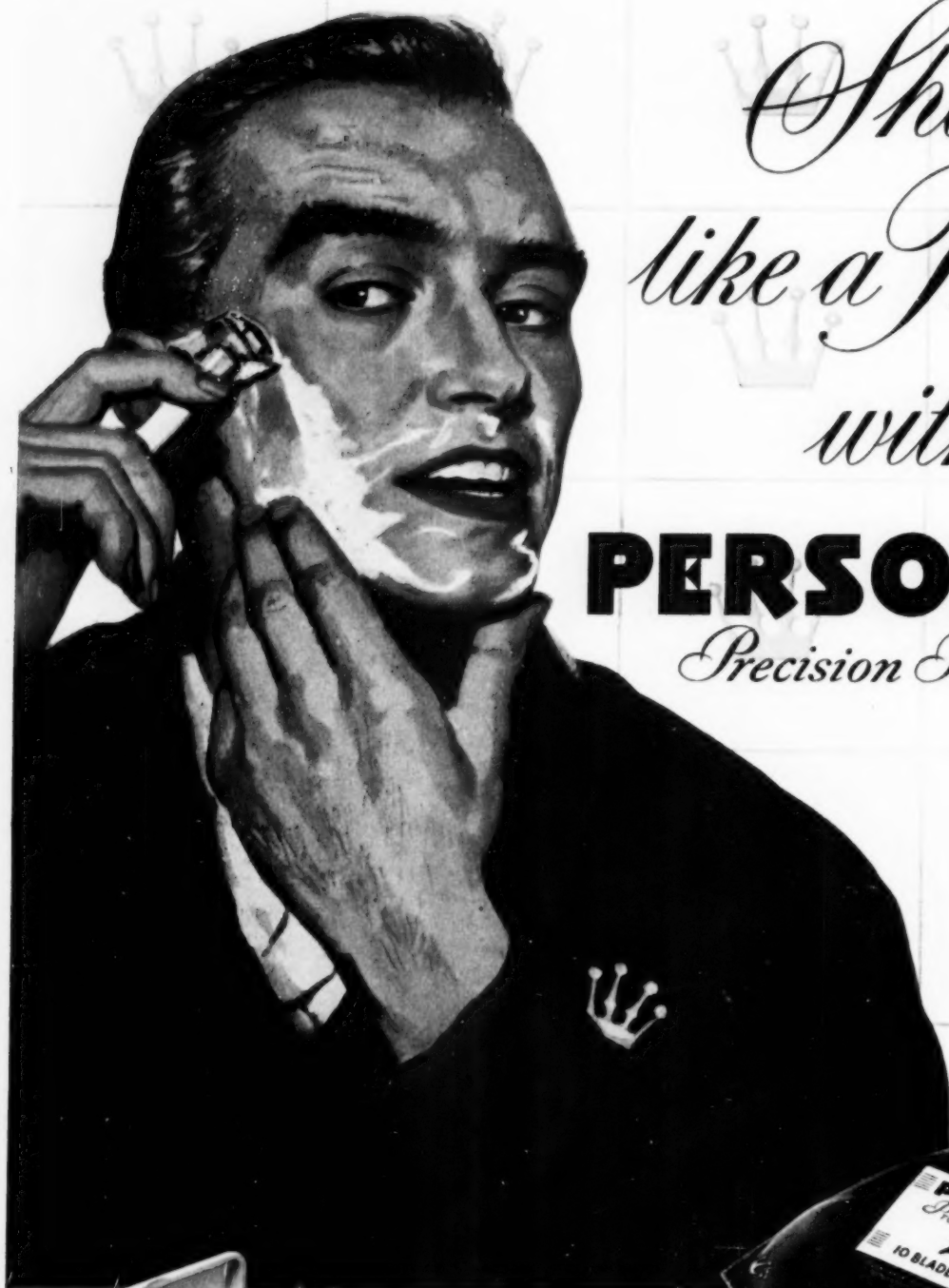


Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPEVERSCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

*Shave
like a Prince
with*

PERSONNA
Precision Blades



PERSONNA MICROMETRIC RAZOR

solves every shaving problem. Personna precision blades fit all the usual kinds of safety razor. Used in this Personna Micrometric Razor they are a revelation of easy and efficient shaving. The Micrometric adjustment lets you increase the exposure of the blade to suit your beard without altering the shaving angle. Heavily gold or chromium plated with 10-blade Zipak Dispenser 25/-.



In the transparent ZIPAK Dispenser, 10 for 2/6 (No charge for the Dispenser)



Hail—and fare well

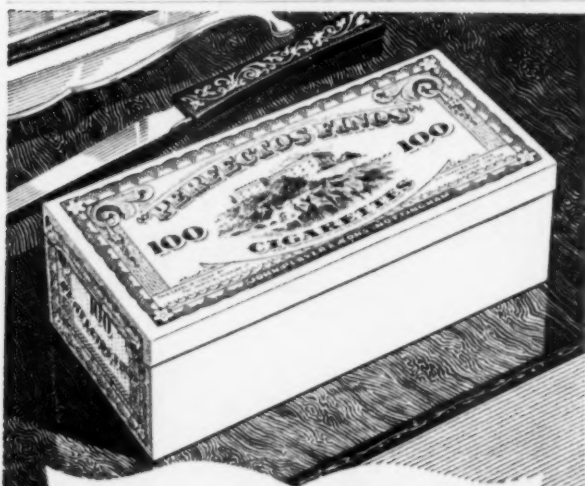
One of the compensations of the British climate is that it has developed that best of all weatherproofs, the Dexter. Wear a Dexter and you can fare comfortably through hail, rain and sunshine all the year round.

DEXTER WEATHERPROOFS

"As British
as the weather—
but reliable"

STOCKED BY THE BEST
OUTFITTERS EVERYWHERE

Style Brochure obtainable from the Makers
WALLACE, SCOTT & CO. LTD.
CATHCART, GLASGOW; and LONDON



Player's

PERFECTOS

The inevitable choice for those who
appreciate the finer things in life.

Packed in boxes of 50 and 100

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL
TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

PF28A



A DOUBLE DIAMOND works wonders

IND COOPE 5 DOUBLE DIAMOND BREWED AT BURTON



THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
FOR BOOKS

*All new Books available
on day of publication.
Secondhand and rare
Books on every subject.
Stock of over three
million volumes.*

*Foyles have departments
for Records, Music, Handi-
craft Materials, Stationery.*

*Subscriptions taken for
British, American and Con-
tinental magazines; and we
have a first-class Postal
Library.*

We BUY Books, Stamps, Coins.

**119-125
CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2**
*Gerrard 7660 (16 lines)
Open 9-6 (inc. Sats.)
Two minutes from
Tottenham Court Road Station*

CHIEF PLANT MANAGER

required by long established firm of Civil Engineering and Building Contractors undertaking large and important works in United Kingdom and abroad. Membership of one or more technical institutions desirable. Good practical experience essential. Candidates must have sound administrative record with experience in selective purchase of plant for projects, in operation of workshops, in plant maintenance and overhaul, and in stores control, and be capable of operating department successfully. Must be good team leader with initiative and capacity to develop improved methods. Attractive bonus, pension scheme and excellent salary offered to right candidate. Assistance given with housing in London area. Age 35-50. No application considered without submitting in strictest confidence details experience with names of firms, positions held and salaries in sequence, age, education, telephone number and desired salary.

Position should attract best men in this field and offers attractive possibilities.

P. S. CABOT & COMPANY,
Management Consultants,
59 New Cavendish Street, London, W.1

BURMA CHERROOTS

'Ball of the East'

Length 4"

Trial Box of 25
36/6
post free

Imported
direct from
the native makers.

GREENS LTD

Wine & Cigar Merchants

34 Royal Exchange, LONDON, E.C.3.
May we quote you for your Wine, Spirit and
Cigar requirements?

**ENO'S for
stomach upsets**

Eno's "Fruit Salt" quickly relieves indigestion, heartburn, flatulence. Furthermore, in promoting a regular bowel action, Eno's wards off sick headaches, liverishness, irritability and other symptoms of irregularity. Taken at bedtime Eno's acts as a safeguard against a restless night and a morning "liver".

Handy pack 1/8d. Bottles 2/5d. and 4/3d.

THE GENTLE ANTACID LAXATIVE

The words "ENO," "ENO'S" and "FRUIT SALT" are registered Trade Marks.

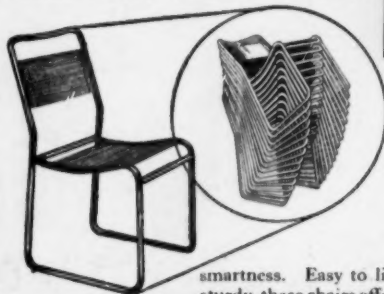


GOOD CARS HAVE

**BRITISH
LEATHER
UPHOLSTERY**

For luxurious comfort there's nothing like leather

SPACE SAVING : MONEY SAVING



**REDRO
TUBULAR
NESTING FURNITURE**

For Halls, Schools, Canteens, Churches, Rest Rooms and the home—the tubular Nesting Chair, low-priced and adaptable. See how they nest one into another for compact storage. Unequaled for comfort and smartness. Easy to lift and carry. Strong and sturdy, these chairs offer a lifetime's useful service.

REDRO LTD · GROVEHILL · BEVERLEY · YORKSHIRE

Telephone: Beverley 77 and 527

**Allsorts of machines
for housework...**



but **Allsorts
of Wilkinson's
for Quality!**



**Vent-Axia
for Better Air
Conditions**



IN INDUSTRY
IN COMMERCE
IN AGRICULTURE
IN THE HOME

Simplest
form of controlled
ventilation

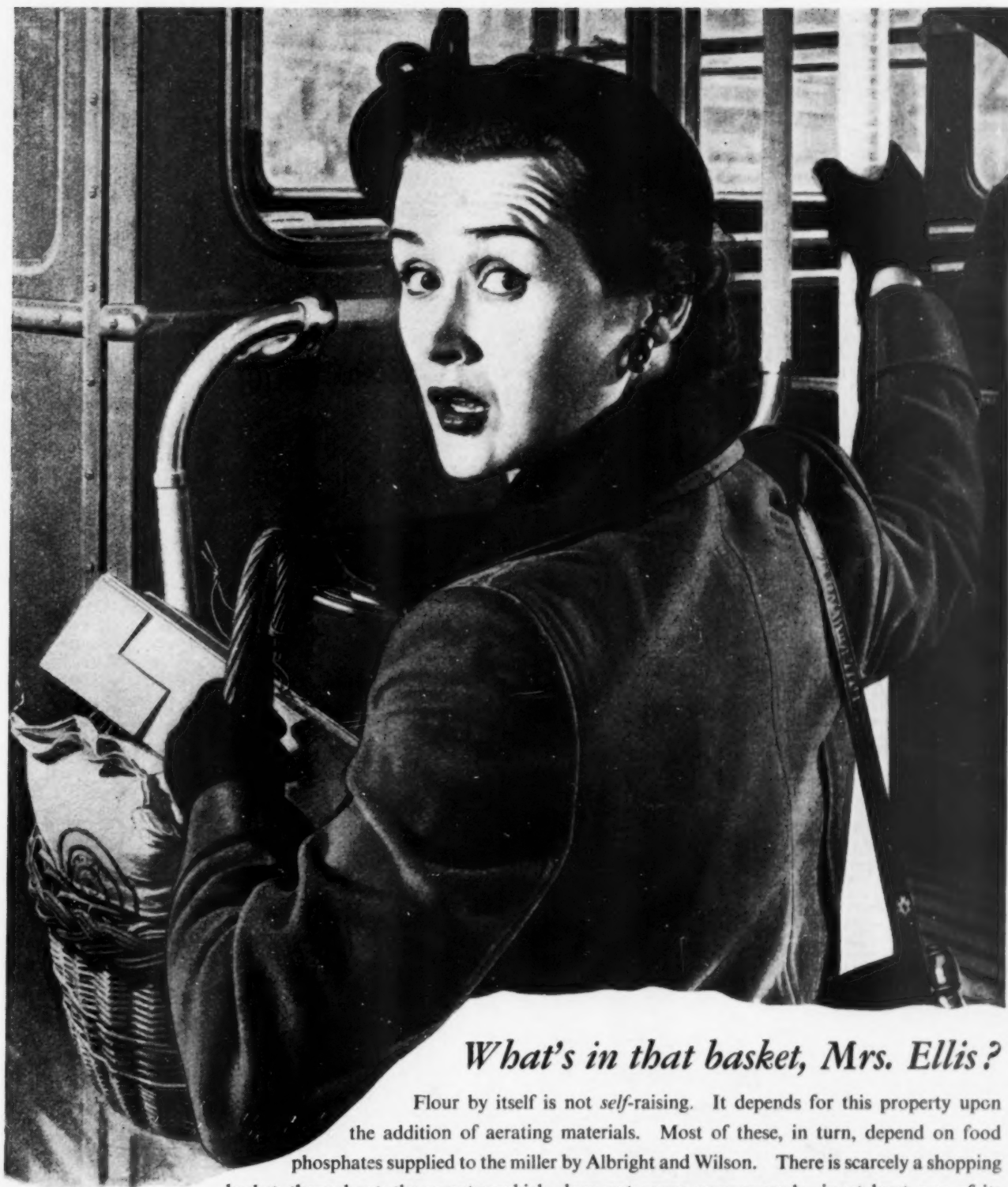
**VENT-AXIA LTD, 9 VICTORIA ST., S.W.1.
ABBEY 8441 (7 lines) AND AT GLASGOW,
MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, LEEDS,
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.**

**QUEEN ANNE
SCOTCH WHISKY**



**HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD.
EDINBURGH Est. 1793**

By appointment
Wine and Spirit Merchants
to the late King George VI



What's in that basket, Mrs. Ellis?

Flour by itself is not *self-raising*. It depends for this property upon the addition of aerating materials. Most of these, in turn, depend on food phosphates supplied to the miller by Albright and Wilson. There is scarcely a shopping basket throughout the country which does not carry, anonymously, in at least one of its packages, some part of Albright and Wilson's output of essential phosphate products.



Chemicals for Industry

ALBRIGHT & WILSON

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD · 49 PARK LANE · LONDON · W. 1

TRW 153

Life with AGA

Regd. Trade Mark

ON VELVET When you put in an Aga, you put out a great big load of drudgery.

First thing in the morning, you come down to a warm kitchen, the airing is done, the porridge is made, and the kettle will boil in a twinkling. **FAR LESS WORK TO DO** The Aga never goes out. No waiting for cooking temperatures. No moving parts to scour and scrape and scrub. No 'doing out the oven'. No blackleading, no horrid fumes, no clinker.

And, above all, no bother. No switches or knobs or dampers. The Aga thermostat does all the coaxing and adjusting for you.

GOOD FOOD by the feastful

ON THE TOP OF THE AGA are two big hotplates: each of them will take three 8-pint pans at a time. The boiling plate is also the fastest in the world — it boils water, from cold, at a pint a minute. As well as this, it is the grilling, toasting and frying plate. Next to it you have the simmering plate, just as big.

Then there are two big ovens. The top one, for baking and roasting, comfortably takes a 20 lb. turkey — and will cook it like a dream. The simmering oven, below, is the same size. This is where you bottle fruit, and gently bring out the goodness in your soups and stews and casseroles; where you leave stock and porridge safely cooking through the night. And it will keep hot meals hot for hours without spoiling.

YOU SAVE A MINT OF MONEY

However much you use your Aga, it is guaranteed not to burn more than 3½ tons of fuel in a year. On coke (it will also burn Anthracite or Phurnacite) this comes out at about 1/- a day.

Work out how much you pay for cooking and water-heating now. Work out how much you could save by doing these things *better* with an Aga!

Suppose it saved you 1/6 a day. That is enough to buy the Aga for you. Hire purchase can be spread out over as long as five years, with instalments of as little as £2 a month and remember there is no Purchase Tax. The Aga guarantee is for ten years. Aga models from £90 to £123 ex works.

HOT WATER by the tun



lots of it all day long



enough for three
baths a day

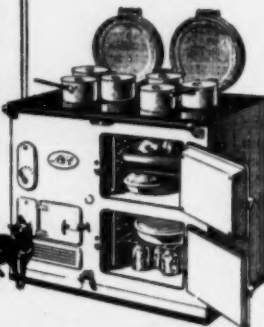


a useful 'wash'



and all the washing up

and your cooking goes
on just the same!



All this by the one fire in the **AGA**

Regd. Trade Mark

NOW THEN There are a hundred thousand happy people with an Aga. The first thing most of them did was to write and ask for information — and that is the first thing you should do.

The address to write to is:

AGA HEAT LIMITED

2/7 Orchard House

Orchard Street, London, W.1

The Aga is another splendid fuel-economy appliance from the Allied Ironfounders Group



The World and the 'General'

In every quarter of the globe will be found offices or agencies of the 'General', the company that has built up its world-wide reputation upon good service, expert advice, and the prompt and generous settlement of claims. People with varied

customs and languages are alike in recognising that by insuring with the 'General' they will be in safe hands. That is why the 'General' has become one of the leading dollar earning companies in British Insurance.

General ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION LTD

General Buildings, Perth, Scotland

General Buildings, Aldwych, WC2

G17



PALMER MANN & CO., LTD., SANDBACH CHESHIRE



MACVITA

It's tastier . . .
crisper . . .
more delicious
to eat

You're very much in the swim when you eat Macvita, for millions have found that nothing beats this delicious crispbread for putting back energy, building up strength, and for sheer pleasure too. Splendid for breakfast, lunch, tea or supper. All the family enjoys it.



By Appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers
to the late King George VI.
McVitie & Price Ltd.

Made by the makers of the famous Digestive Biscuit

McVITIE & PRICE LTD.

EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

Godiva

TRAILER PUMPS



QUENCHED THE FIRES OF WAR

Godiva, the fire-fighting equipment that so rapidly earned a nation-wide reputation for efficiency, owes its success to the policy of continued specialization and development by

Coventry Climax
ENGINES LTD. COVENTRY

FACTORY
30 YEARS
OF ENGINE
BUILDING





ROD LINDT FILS
ESTABLISHED 1879

Lindt

THE
CHOCOLATE
OF THE
CONNOISSEUR

.. say
Bulmer's
for cider

Superior quality . . .
Perfect blending . . .
Real value . . . make
BULMER'S the
most popular
cider of all.



H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

The DOUBLE★ BENEFIT of BRYLCREEM

★ DAY-LONG SMARTNESS

★ LASTING HAIR HEALTH

When thousands of eyes are upon you, you've got to do your best and look your best. That's why men in the public eye use Brylcreem, the hair-dressing that gives the *double* benefit of day-long smartness and lasting hair health. See how Brylcreem keeps *your* hair lustrous and under perfect control. See how massage with Brylcreem tones up the scalp and puts life into dry hair. Ask for Brylcreem, the perfect hairdressing. Brylcreem comes in tubs 1/6, 2/3 and 4/1, or handy tubes 2/3.

